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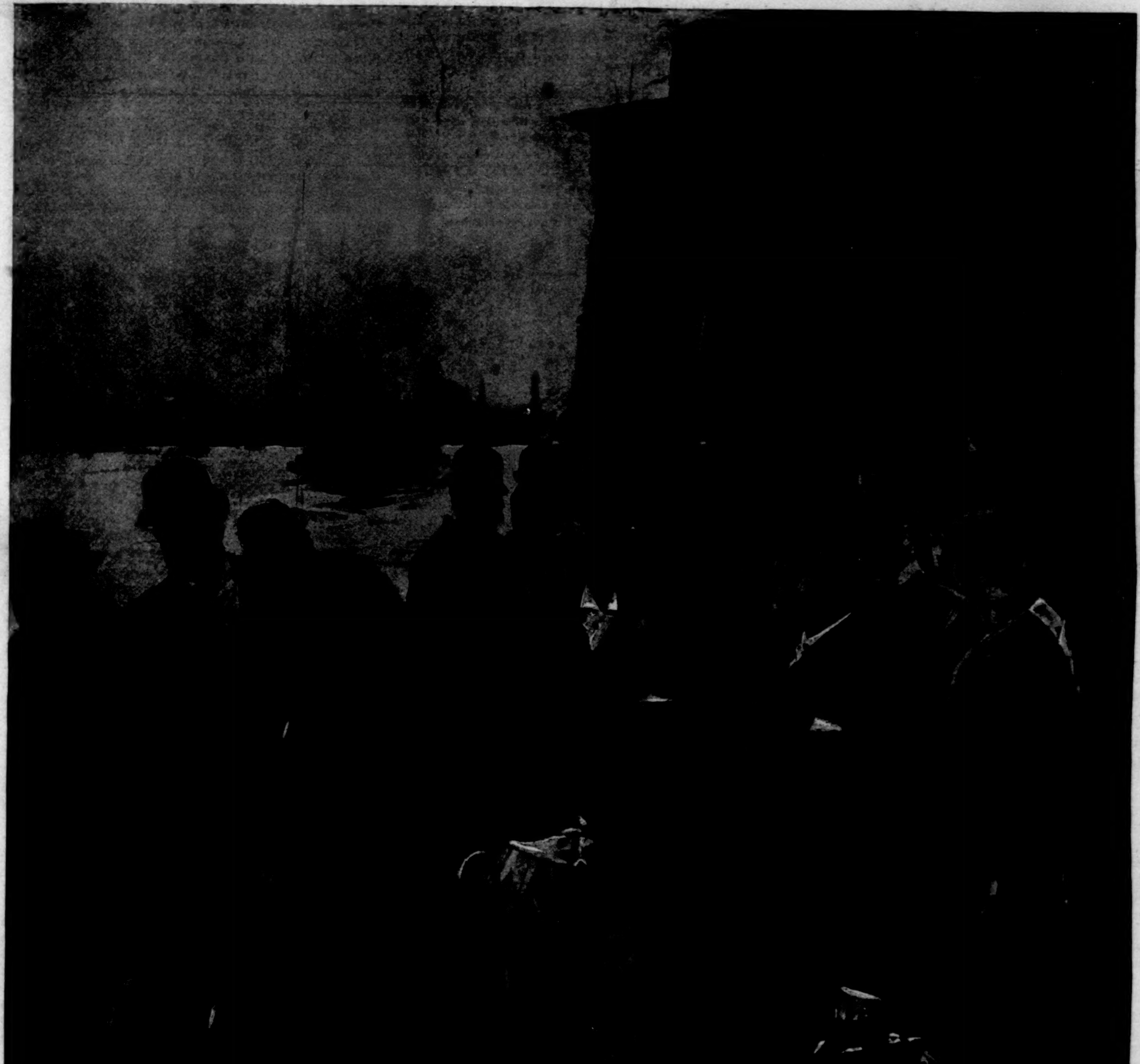

RETURNING FROM THE COUNTRY—CROSSING THE NORTH RIVER.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

NOTICE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1803.

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ENTITLED "WILD ANIMALS UNDER TREATMENT," TOGETHER WITH TWO SHORT STORIES.

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SOME PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

THE way to secure reform within a party is to defeat its unworthy candidates and measures. If men like TWEED and QUAY, for instance, get control of a party and dictate its nominations and its policy, how can there be reform so long as the party acquiesces in their control, electing their candidates, and enforcing their measures? Will a party dismiss leaders under whom it is successful? Last autumn a large body of Pennsylvania Republicans answered this question in the negative, and took care to secure reform within the party by defeating its obnoxious candidates. If defeat did not prevent the continued control of the obnoxious leaders or baffle the wrong policy, it was because reform was not possible, at least until after more defeat. Apparently this is the present situation in Pennsylvania, and even the Philadelphia *Press*, which last year supported the obnoxious rule which it now agrees brought disaster to the party, now says, also, that the leadership must be changed or the party will be defeated continuously.

It is the purpose of certain citizens of Philadelphia who have always until last autumn voted for the Republican candidates to vote against them again this year if in themselves, or as the agents of others, they are unfit for the public service. If a party can be reformed, that is the only way to reform it. But the condition even of the chance of reform is the certainty of defeat. In 1884 it was urged upon the mugwumps that if they were Republicans they ought to nominate a third candidate, who should be a Republican. Their reply was that their object would be gained not by a nomination, but by a defeat, and that they should therefore take the obvious way to secure a defeat. This also was the course adopted by the anti-QUAY Republicans last year in Pennsylvania. They voted for Mr. CAMPBELL, and he was elected. As we said last week, they did not become Democrats, nor did they call themselves mugwumps. But essentially they were mugwumps. For mugwump is the name of a voter who selects his candidate not by a party label, but by his own judgment. He votes, as thousands did in New York, for a Democratic President and a Republican Governor. It is useless to say that if the Democratic party can be trusted in Washington, it can be trusted in Albany or Harrisburg, because State questions are not necessarily national questions. A man or a party may favor both revenue reform and free liquor, or they may simultaneously favor extreme protection and civil service reform.

The value of the action in Pennsylvania lies in its political independence. It is a common saying that we must support measures, not men. But what does it mean? May a prohibitionist support a toper if he should receive the regular nomination? Such apothegms are foolish except when they are reasonably interpreted. Intelligent Republicans in Pennsylvania did not agree that the objects which they sought as Republicans required them to vote for QUAY'S man. They are still of that opinion. So long as they hold it, and are required to prove their Republicanism by supporting QUAY, directly or indirectly, they will decline to give the proof, and so long, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, the Republican party will be beaten. The Pennsylvania Republicans who have signed the recent appeal to refuse to acknowledge the leadership of QUAY, or to vote for candidates nominated by his influence or friendly to his methods, and rather than to do this to vote for Democratic candidates, have the instinct and spirit of original Republicans.

PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

AT this season, when public attention is generally turned to the question of education, a recent letter of the Roman Catholic Bishop DOYLE, of New South Wales, in Australia, is very timely as an illustration of the different views held in that Church of the desirability of opposing the American public-school system by the Catholic parochial schools. There is great difference of opinion upon the subject within the Roman communion, as is clearly shown in a recent article by the Hon. JOHN JAY, who has made a careful study of the facts. It is worthy of remark that during what may be called the general controversy the public-school system has not become more sectarian, as might have been anticipated, but even less so. That is to say, the determination that no religious denomination should have just cause of complaint of a sectarian tendency in the schools is more pronounced than ever. The grounds on which the schools are maintained are so reasonable, and their hold upon the public mind is so assured, that attention may be wisely directed exclusively to the improvement of their details.

The letter of Bishop DOYLE was addressed to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, and was written on the steamship *Alaska* on the 4th of June, 1891. Its purpose was to correct some statements in regard to the Bishop's general view of the parochial schools in this country, which were wholly misrepresented. Bishop DOYLE speaks very plainly and pointedly. The parochial-school buildings throughout the country he finds admirable, and a signal illustration of the generosity and lively faith of the people. But while there is so much of the go-as-you-please system in the school work it is impossible to produce good results. No schools, he says, can be called even good, still less excellent, without a standard of proficiency for the teachers' guidance, a system of inspection by competent examiners, and a test of efficiency for the teachers. These are wanting in the parochial schools, and the Bishop candidly confesses his disappointment in their method and organization, saying that whatever standards of proficiency are in use, they will be found invariably lower than that used in the Australian schools.

The Bishop adds a word upon immigration. Instead of establishing separate schools and distinct churches for them, they should be induced to attend churches where English is spoken, and to send their children to American Catholic schools. They would thus soon become familiar with the English language and the institutions of the country, and the Bishop says that were he an American citizen he should hold very decided opinions on this point both on patriotic and religious grounds. These are views with which Americans generally will cordially concur, except that the public school would be preferred by them as an introductory institution. The Bishop's strictures upon the parochial schools are absolutely disinterested, and may be accepted as generally correct. We do not know that any impartial observer has held that as schools they are superior to the public schools. It is not easy to ascertain statistics in regard to them, for the go-as-you-please system which the Bishop mentions prevents any general and official statement such as is contained in the annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

INCREASE OF THE COLORED POPULATION.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER contributes an interesting article to the *Forum* on the census and the colored race, pointing to the conclusion, contrary to the general impression, that the colored population shows but a relatively slight rate of increase by means of a very high birth rate, just a little in excess of a very high death rate. The colored race was brought to this country by force, and except for the slave-trade between 1620 and 1808 there would not be 75,000 Africans in the United States, instead of 7,500,000, who are substantially descended from the 700,000 African women who were here in 1810. Naturally the race would not have been diffused widely in the country, but the interests of the master class and the effort of the slave for freedom have carried the colored people into regions naturally alien or hostile to them. By the first census, in 1790, they are estimated at 757,208. By that of 1890, partly estimated, they are 7,500,000. The increase per cent. in thirty years varies from 133.97 in 1820 to 68.85 in 1890. In ten years the increase per cent. varies from 37.5 in 1810 to 13.9 in 1890. The total population during the century has increased sixteenfold, but the colored element only tenfold. In 1790 it was one-fifth of the population, in 1890 less than one-eighth; and by thirty-year periods its decline has been continuous from the beginning.

General WALKER finds that these figures establish a strong probability that the reduction of the relative importance of this element in the population will continue. Comparative study of the census taken at different periods—and there is no more competent student than General WALKER—shows a disposition on the part of the colored people to abandon the higher, colder, and drier lands, to which they were carried by the will of the master class. Dividing the old slave States into two groups, the middle southern belt, in which slavery was maintained as a political and social, quite as much as an economic, institution, and the more southern group, the increase in the first during the last decade has been but five and a half per cent., while in the other it has approximated 19 per cent. Still further, within the second group the tendency is marked to a concentration of the colored element upon the lower lands. In Georgia in 1880, 48.43 per cent. of the colored population lived less than 500 feet above the sea. In 1890 the ratio had increased to 51.87.

The general conclusion drawn from such observations is that the vast increase of the colored race here, which has been anticipated by political seers, is wholly improbable. The natural field for the colored race is circumscribed by climate and industrial conditions, and a race which is limited in its range becomes by that fact subject to important restrictions upon its capabilities of sustained increase within that range. "If the growth of the colored race is hereafter to take place mainly within the cotton belt, it is safe to say that it will never reach fifty millions, or a third of that number." General WALKER is of opinion that the natural tendency of the colored race is toward the hot regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. In the Northern States, in the high lands of the old slave States, and even in the upland cultivation of the cotton crop, the greater vigor and ability of the white race will assert themselves; and assuming the proximate correctness of his views, General WALKER attributes the probable relative decline of the colored population throughout the United States partly to the more rapid growth of the white element, partly to migration southward, under the imperious demand for labor in the cotton fields, and partly to the high rate of colored mortality in Northern latitudes, and even in Southern cities.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILI.

THERE is as yet no public opinion in this country upon the revolution in Chili, because the facts are so imperfectly known. In general it is understood that BALMACEDA has made himself military dictator, and holds the larger number of provinces by means of the army, and that the revolutionary leaders control the navy and certain ports. The latter suffer from the want of arms, and the surrender of the *Itata* with the munitions of war is a costly proof of their desire not to alienate the sympathy of this country. BALMACEDA commands the ear of other governments through his accredited agents, and his efforts are now directed to produce the impression that the revolution is stayed, although the insurgents have not formally surrendered. The action of other countries must depend upon their knowledge of the actual situation, and it is an exigency in which the United States require a minister of public experience, knowledge, sagacity, and ability. That Mr. EGAN is possessed of these qualifications, or of any qualifications for dealing with a most important public crisis other than those which every American citizen may possess, the country is not informed.

Señor PEDRO MONTT has been sent to this country as the agent of the Congressional party. But it is given out from Washington that he will not be received, in accordance with a settled policy to adhere to an established government so long as it can maintain itself in power. But that is a fact of which every government is the judge. Señor MONTT denies the reports of BALMACEDA'S agents that the revolution makes no progress, that provisions are scarce, and that the insurgent army is discontented. The occupation of the Lobos Islands by the *Esmeralda*, an insurgent vessel of war, shows the progressive activity of the revolution. The army, composed of volunteers, is not discontented, nor is its payment in arrears. Two agents of the revolution have stated to Mr. REID in Paris that Bolivia and the Argentine Republic had acknowledged the belligerency of the insurgents, and this recognition of neighbors who are in a position to observe the course of events they held to be worthy of the attention of the United States. These agents also requested Mr. REID to state to the authorities at Washington that the insurgents held that they were entitled to the arms upon the *Itata* because she had not taken them on board at any United States port, and Mr. REID consented to transmit their representations to Washington, with the distinct understanding that such transmission did not imply any "recognition" whatever of the insurgents.

There are undoubtedly commercial considerations involved in the situation. The statement is made that BALMACEDA was interested in nitrate schemes, and desired the election as his successor of a President whom he could control. But, unable to make sure of that result, he assumed the direction of affairs under the usual declaration of regard for law, order, and the public welfare. The executive officer of a republic who does this with the aid of the army places himself at once on the defensive. He must be suspected from that moment. BALMACEDA'S term has expired, and any election held under his authority, and with the support of the army, cannot be re-

garded as a lawful expression of the public will. The general assumption is sound that when an executive chief, after the expiration of his term, retains his office by the aid of the army under the plea of public order, his acts cannot be held to have the national legal sanction. This is the position of BALMACEDA, and his assumption, so far, is denied and resisted by a force competent to prevent his successful assertion of his alleged authority.

THE PARNELL LEADERSHIP.

MR. PARNELL is said to believe that his marriage with Mrs. O'SHEA will restore him to the leadership of the Irish party. It would seem to be impossible that a party whose chief members retain their self-respect would select him for a leader, but everything is possible in Irish politics. His restoration would be probably out of the question if he had been succeeded by a man especially qualified for the position. But Mr. MCCARTHY, with all his admirable qualities, is not of the temperament for the place, and his health also is not vigorous.

The dissenting conscience is supposed to be pacified by Mr. PARNELL'S marriage, which, under such circumstances, is held to be the utmost reparation possible, and to remove the objection which was felt to his remaining the leader. This might be a sound view if Mr. PARNELL, notwithstanding the events of the last few months, had retained his old hold of the Irish feeling. But there has been a great change. To a very large body of Irishmen, as to the world at large, he has shown himself to be a mere self-seeker. He has not hesitated to sacrifice the Irish cause to himself, and he could never again arouse the unquestioning trust and enthusiasm of the last dozen years.

Moreover, his course has shaken English faith in the sincerity of Irish professions and purposes. It is natural, although not just, to judge a movement by its universally accredited leader. If the Irish people were so completely befooled by a selfish demagogue, says this English feeling, what kind of government would there be in the adjoining island? If Ireland were a thousand miles from England, this would not be an English question. But as Ireland is on the English coast, it is a question not to be avoided. It is undeniable, however, that the situation is not altogether unfavorable to an unscrupulous and ambitious political gamester of great experience and fertile in resources.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S age makes a serious illness important, and the statement that his health requires absolute rest naturally causes deep anxiety. There are many Englishmen who still speak of the treachery of Sir ROBERT PEEL, and who regard his repeal of the Corn Laws as a betrayal of political trust. There is, perhaps, a still larger body which formerly felt that Mr. GLADSTONE was the greatest, and even the "grandest," man in England who now denounce him as a political renegade and turncoat.

They acknowledge his extraordinary ability and accomplishment, his unsullied personal character, and his great public service. They concede that he had filled the highest place in England with a distinction recalling that of the most famous ministers, and that his mere ambition must have been amply gratified. But they think that he threw away his great renown, and exchanged the admiration even of his opponents for the contempt of his friends, that his fall is unprecedented and his loss irretrievable, and when they are asked for what was it done, what explains so astounding and pitiful a tragedy, the sole answer they offer is that he wanted to be Prime Minister once more.

Such an explanation for such an alleged moral suicide is wholly inadequate. In such a situation, when there are other explanations, common-sense adopts the most reasonable and probable. The reasonable explanation is not that Mr. GLADSTONE changed his views in regard to Irish policy because he wished to be Prime Minister again, but because he saw that another policy was the wiser policy for both countries. No man could know better than he knew the political risk for himself involved in his course. Either he was not the great man and sagacious leader that his present opponents concede him to have been, or his motive was not what they allege. It is idle to call Sir ROBERT PEEL a traitor. The roll of English worthies shows no truer patriot than he, and history will record that Mr. GLADSTONE merits his name of Grand Old Man by nothing more than by his endeavor to attach Ireland peacefully and amicably to the British Empire.

THE SILVA OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE second volume of one of the finest works issued in this country is published, and its periodical appearance is an event worthy of public attention. The work is *The Silva of North America: A Description of the Trees which grow naturally in North America, exclusive of Mexico. By Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University: Illustrated with Figures and Analyses, drawn from Nature by Charles Edward Faxon, and engraved by Philibert and Eugene Picard.* (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & Co.)

This is the full title of this superb work, which, however, has not a holiday or album air. It is a noble illustration of typography, and Professor SARGENT pays generous tribute to the skill of Mr. FAXON, and the French engravers who work under the general direction of Monsieur A. RIOCREUX, the most distinguished European botanical artists. The preface contains a brief and lucid summary of all the works of the same kind that have been published, and the text consists of ample and detailed descriptions of every plant represented, giving the precise information which is desired, with complete references to all other works and authorities.

The illustrations are exquisite, and represent completely every detail of the blossom and the plant. They are not colored, but the structure and form are perfectly given. The whole work has the satisfactory air of accuracy and thoroughness of which the name of the author is the assurance. It is a work indeed indispensable to every important American library, and of which every American may be proud.

COUNT VON MÜNSTER'S STORY.

THE *World* publishes an interesting interview with Count von Münster by M. BLOWITZ, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. The Count says that he arrived in Berlin on the day after BISMARCK'S resignation, but knew nothing of it until BISMARCK informed him. The Count was greatly impressed by the tranquil dignity of the Chancellor, who had the air of a man who, after great public services, was about to withdraw into the well-earned repose of private life.

But while BISMARCK was speaking, Count von Münster says that he recalled two conversations of the old Emperor—one in which he said substantially that BISMARCK was becoming too headstrong, and that if he were removed his place would be filled by General CAPRIVI; and the other in which, commenting upon the rapid promotion of BISMARCK'S son HERBERT, the Emperor called it the greatest act of nepotism in the record of politics, and said that nevertheless he could not yet part with BISMARCK. Count von Münster said that the recollection of these two conversations prevented his astonishment at the dismissal of BISMARCK. He was about to leave to go to the Chambers, when BISMARCK said that he would accompany him, and stepped into an adjoining room, where the Count heard him for some time in loud and animated conversation with the Princess BISMARCK.

BISMARCK then re-entered the room, pale and agitated, holding a large letter in his hand, and told the Count that he could not accompany him, that he had just "received a letter from that young man, in which he informs me that he has conferred upon me the title of Duke of Lauenberg. This plainly indicates that my resignation is definitive and my disgrace complete. I cannot accept this mocking dismissal. He will soon see that a BISMARCK is not to be dismissed in this style." He walked up and down the room, angrily inveighing against his enemies—a man vociferating against his fall who had been incited to violent resolutions by his wife and son. His tranquil dignity the Count then ascribed to his belief that he would be recalled, and within the brief time of his visit the man had strangely altered in his eyes. This is Count von Münster's story as reported by BLOWITZ.

THE NEW COPYRIGHT LAW.

THE President has issued his proclamation announcing that the copyright law, which went into effect on the 1st of July, applies to citizens and subjects of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Switzerland. These countries only have thus far complied with the requirements of the law. Others will doubtless comply as the scope and effect of the law are more clearly understood. Meanwhile it is the interest of British authors which is most largely concerned, and the great result of the law is that unauthorized republication of English copyright works is now forbidden.

The precise consequences of the law cannot be foreseen, except that the more popular authors, for whose works there is a positive demand, will secure an American copyright. The satisfaction in the passage of the law is largely ethical. It is a triumph of fair play. Exceptions could be easily taken to certain provisions, as we have said during the progress of the discussion. But the satisfaction is that nothing which has been gained will be now abandoned, while imperfections in the operation of the law can be remedied, and the law itself modified advantageously, as experience may suggest.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS IN LONDON.

THE new American publishing house in London, Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD, MCILVAINE, & CO., seem to have made a very happy impression by their first publications. The *Star* says that "all the nice things" apparently come from the new house. "They have been wise in their selection both of names and books, and the get-up of their volumes alone testifies to taste at the head of their affairs." The *Publishers' Circular* looks upon the establishment of the house in London as a most hopeful sign of "the growing commerce and good will between England and her eldest and so long estranged daughter," and it pays a similar tribute to that of the *Star* to the quality of the works issued by the house, and their artistic typographical attractiveness.

The *Circular* thinks that American publishers in England may do one very great service to the British public in making it better acquainted with the younger masters in American literature. There is no doubt that this service could not be in better hands than those of the new house, and those who know the singular fitness of Mr. OSGOOD and Mr. MCILVAINE for the work which they have begun in London will not be surprised by the success of their start or by the warm greetings of English critics.

PERSONAL.

THE signs of the public's appreciation of FREDERICK BROKAW'S act of heroism continue to be very numerous. The *Recorder* has turned over the sum of money it raised for a memorial to the committee of Princeton students and alumni who have taken the matter up. A large part of this money came from servant-girls, to which class the women whose lives BROKAW tried to save belonged. The students propose converting the ten-acre field south of the President's house at Princeton into an athletic field, and erecting on it a memorial gate and tablet. HENRY M. ALEXANDER, Jun., '90, is president of this committee; C. C. DANA, treasurer, to whom subscriptions should be sent at the Alpine, Thirty-third Street and Broadway. Perhaps the most significant act of recognition of BROKAW'S unselfishness was shown at Long Branch, where prayers for the resting of his soul were offered in the Roman Catholic Church, to which denomination BROKAW did not belong.

—IRA WARD and his wife, who were born up in Vermont during the fading years of the last century, while the Indians and bears and wolves were still in a large majority in the State, are preparing to celebrate their diamond wedding at their house near New Haven, on the west side of the Green Mountains.

—Professor LE BARRON RUSSELL BRIGGS, the new dean of Harvard College, is an ardent lover of base-ball, and plays whenever he can get a chance. His fondness for other athletic sports is also well known.

—Lord TENNYSON has returned from a yachting trip along the southern coast of England, much improved in health.

—The late ALBERT GALLATIN BROWNE, of Boston, figured in the antislavery agitation before the war, although he was a very young man at the time. For joining in the historic attempt to rescue the fugitive slave ANTHONY BURNS, he was confined in Charles Street jail, handcuffed to the negro. Mr. BROWNE was President ELIOT'S classmate at Harvard, and during the war held a confidential place under Governor ANDREWS. He was afterwards the Governor's law partner, and later, at different times, was associated with the elder SAMUEL BOWLES and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT in journalistic work.

—JAMES M. BARRIE, the young Scotchman whose stories have attracted much attention, is thirty years old. He was born at Kirriemuir, and graduated at Edinburgh University, where he distinguished himself in English literature.

—Assistant Naval Constructors JOHN G. TAWRESEY and WILLIAM VANSANT, who stood second and first respectively in the classes of '85 and '88 at Annapolis, have just been graduated at the Royal Naval Academy in Greenwich, England, where VANSANT led his class, and TAWRESEY stood fifth. The class at Greenwich numbered fifty officers, representing the pick of Europe.

—Professor WILLIAM S. TYLOR, of Amherst College, has been instructor of Greek there for fifty-five years. He is eighty-one years old.

—Duke CARL THEODOR, of Bavaria, is a remarkably successful optician. He uses his skill in treating patients free of charge, and his cures have been so wonderful that the peasants believe he has a magical healing power.

—An old Venetian custom was recently revived by Admiral CANEVORO in launching an Austrian war vessel at Venice. Instead of having a bottle of champagne broken over her bows, a gilt ring was attached to her prow in such a way that as the vessel rushed down to the water, the ring first touched the waves, and the "wedding of the sea" was fulfilled.

—The remains of the late Count LEWENHAUPT, who died at Wilmington, Delaware, so suddenly shortly after his marriage to ex-Secretary BAYARD'S daughter, have been removed to Stockholm, Sweden, for burial. According to an old custom of the BAYARD family, a sprig of ivy plucked from the ancient church in Wilmington was placed in the coffin.

—JOHN HAMILTON BROWN, of Greenville, New Jersey, the inventor of the segmental wire-wound cannon, for the trial of which Congress appropriated $10,000, has invented a number of arms that have attracted attention. He was a member of the American rifle team that went to England in 1883, and made the best one-thousand-yard score at Wimbledon with a standard military rifle of his own.

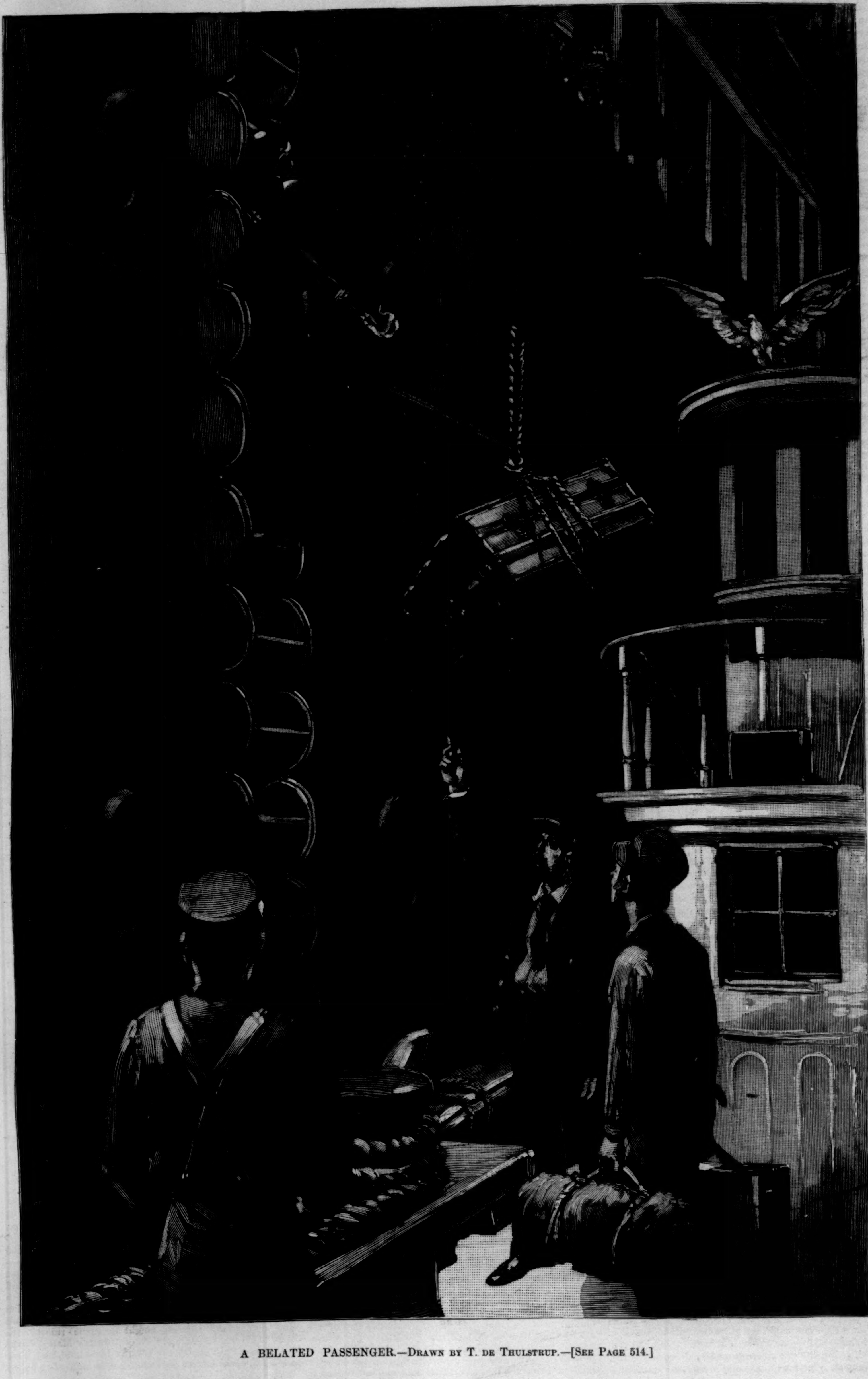
—Ex-King MILAN lives an easy life in Paris on the handsome annuity with which his former subjects bought his absence from Servia. He divides his time between his club and the social circles to which he is admitted, and objects to any reference in his presence to his past station, preferring to be known and treated simply as Count de Takovo. There is little that is kingly in his manners, which are pronounced loud, while in appearance he is rather fleshy, with a thin black mustache, and a dark brown skin. Baccarat and poker are said to be his favorite diversions.

—R. M. FIELD, manager of the Boston Museum (the oldest stock theatre in America) for the past twenty-seven years, was the first American theatrical manager to purchase English and French plays in manuscript. His first trip across the Atlantic for this purpose was made in 1870. The Boston Museum has recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, and in a review of this half-century of its existence it is noted that EDWIN BOOTH'S first appearance on any stage was made there in 1849.

—The late JUNIUS S. MORGAN left $25,000 to found an E. J. Phelps Professorship at the Yale Law School, and now his son, J. PIERPONT MORGAN, has given a similar sum to endow another professorship in the school.

—Lord SACKVILLE, formerly British Minister at Washington, has a great park at Kent, England, which he is stocking with wild-boars for the benefit of his sport-loving friends.

—Colonel JAMES PATRICK O'GORMAN MAHON, who died recently in England, was one of the most unique characters that the Emerald Isle has ever produced. He was born near the opening of the century, although he himself did not know the exact date of his birth, and entered the House of Commons first in 1830. Since then he has served at different times in that body, of which he was a member at the time of his death, and the intervals were filled up with periods of adventure in different parts of the world. He fought in twenty-two duels, being the challenger in each case, and participated in many wars in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. At one time he was an Admiral in the Peruvian navy. Restless and aggressive, he was a firebrand in his own country, and actively fought for home-rule till the time of his death. It was "The O'GORMAN MAHON" who introduced PARNELL to the O'SHEA household, and when the Irish leader abused his confidence, he wanted to fight a duel with him.



A BELATED PASSENGER.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 514.]

Through the Gulch

ALBERTINE TETERS.

HE who travels Westward until the shadow of the range falls athwart his path is saddened by an oppressive sense of the immutability of nature. Immovable, unchangeable, the mountains tower in crag and peak; the sombre pines that climb their summits are alike unaffected by heat of summer or chill of winter; and, far below, the mighty plains forever stretch away in limitless lines, until earth and sky melt into a gray nebula.

Dumb, impassive, always the same, the monotonous plain and misty peak! Tears or laughter, sorrow or song, they are voiceless! Nothing breaks their brooding silence—only the river as it hurries down the cañon, foaming and sending afar fine clouds of spray where its way is narrow; quiet, save for the low lapping of its waters against its shores, where the cañon broadens, but always hurrying. Many things these Colorado rivers could tell, but they hurry so. And the story the first wave carries is drowned by the eager voice of the second, and the second is hurried by all the tide behind, until there comes to the listening ear only a confused murmur—a memory, maybe a regret. Vain it is to wait for more, for the waves are far on to the sea, and their voices are forever lost.

The cañon that leads into the mountains from a certain foot-hill town in Colorado is very narrow. Beside the river there is barely room for the road, and though covered the year around with wild grasses, the slopes that rise from either side are precipitous. But after many miles have been traversed, the rocky pass widens, the scenery is less rugged, the peaks are not so lofty, and the whole landscape changes. The country gradually becomes free and open, and instead of the narrow strip of blue above, as in the cañon, there is a wide expanse of sky; the mountains—barring the glaring line of white in the west—are only low hills, green with the tender growth of young pines, and in place of rock and crag are peaceful swards starred with low-growing mountain-daisies. The road is a dusty ribbon, lost in groves of young cotton-woods; and the river—the river is far away, murmuring close to the mountains, its waters stopping here and there to reflect the passing shadow of tree and cloud.

It is beautiful to be here if one can banish thoughts of the weird cañon lying between himself and the world. What it is in the winter-time, with the awful storms from the range so near at hand, we may not know, for it was only one summer that Dorrance spent here—a brief time indeed, where the summers are short.

There had once been a little town here in the early days when excitement over gold ran high. Rows of log houses had been hastily put up, a cemetery inaugurated, and a milliner and a French dancing-master had lent prestige in a general way. One man looked into the future without making any allowance for the deceptive qualities of the mountain atmosphere, and he built a large wooden hotel. But there came a day when the magic gold failed to be found; the milliner and the dancing-master disappeared as mysteriously as they had come; the fickle people followed; and the town became only a deserted mining camp, with a few souvenirs of past glory in the shape of some artificial flowers, a journal containing references to Professor Bourret's *soirées*, and a row of empty houses. There were other evidences less obtrusive, for on the little slope marked by a gaunt lonely tree were three graves.

Twenty years after, the hotel still standing, and a few drifting families having taken possession of those houses remaining, the government gave the place a post-office, under the name of Phœnix. It had hardly yet risen from its dead self, but the Tin Cup Hydraulic Mining and Milling Company proposed to have it do so in time. The company owned extensive "washings" just beyond, and it was in their interests that Kenneth Dorrance, civil engineer, came out to make various maps and reports on the surrounding country. Dorrance took his time about it. He had his pony with him—a lithe-limbed creature—and he might be seen many a morning in early dawn speeding high on the cross-road that led to the lake, the reins twisted around the pommel of his high Mexican saddle, his wide sombrero well back on his head.

He was slight of figure, but supple and well built, and his long brown hands that rested so lightly on the pommel were full of strength like that of steel. He had a slender face; dark, rather indolent-looking eyes, opening slowly and dilating when he was roused to interest, which was not often; and his dark hair was closely cut to a well-shaped head, only the longer locks over the forehead showing its fineness and color. Around his mouth were one or two faint lines. And altogether, though his whole air was one of extreme quiet, it was the quiet of intensity.

He had no relatives; he did not care very much for any one; and while he viewed life as rather an unsatisfactory experience, he knew his was not so from any defeated desire or frustrated plan. The world had used him well, but his natural tendency to silence and reserve had stood in the way of his forming any intimate friendships, and driven within himself, he became introspective, dealing in subtle analyses. Himself isolated, and not unhappy beyond a slow vague sadness, he came in time to believe in the futility of any other condition. He had one deep love—for music—and if he could satisfy any craving of soul by a thought running through a melody, it was to himself only he was answerable.

He was accustomed to divide his life into epochs, and mark the epochs by dates; and this summer a new epoch had opened up for him, in which, he felt, was involved his only chance for the attainment of that hitherto impossible, intangible state which men called happiness. The date had been one morning in June. The sun, though shining full upon the summits, had hardly burst upon the valley yet, and the long meadow-grass was still dark with a tender shadow. The banks were faintly hued by the columbine and wild rose, and willows and clambering vines were stirred uncertainly by an early breeze.

Dorrance had galloped across the valley, and was ascending the cross-road. Below him the river showed between its willow fringe in silvery flashes, and above him the dreaming pines stretched in many a long vista. He took off his hat, and, bareheaded, rode lazily into the forest. Between the trees he could catch glimpses of a distant sweep of pasture, where cattle moved slowly, cropping the short bunch-grass. He came presently in sight of a large white house. It was at that point where a smaller road, leaving the main one, winds eastward by the lake, and on through a gulch to the cañon. It is a lonely, untravelled road, known as the "Gulch Road," used mostly by cowboys taking herds over the range, or miners seeking a short-cut to the cañon. The house was a substantial two-story frame, with green shutters, and faced the west. It properly belonged to a New England landscape, and Dorrance thought it rather at variance with the intense blue sky, shimmering air, and far-away line of mountains of Colorado. It was owned by Mr. Foster, who lived there with his wife and young children. A man of education, he had lived shut in by the mountains for ten years. Dorrance often wondered if no longing ever came over him to leave the lake and the cañon and return to the world; but he seemed content to farm his mountain ranch, satisfied with its yield of hay and potatoes.

Dorrance plodded on to the lake, his head bent, and his sombrero now well down over his face, to keep the glare of the morning sun from his eyes. He did not see that he was approaching two people, and he was rather startled when he heard a girl's voice asking some question about the lake. It pleased him to believe he knew a great deal about a voice, and he liked the quality of this one at once. It was not a Phœnix voice, nor was it in any way a mountain voice; it sounded as if it had talked to many people; it was exquisitely clear and low-toned, and there were some tired notes in it, and very much indifference, as if its owner did not care for an answer, or even expect one.

All this was the impression of a second with him. As a matter of fact, he quickly raised his head, and seeing a young girl, and with her Mr. Foster, took off his hat.

"Well met," said Mr. Foster. "I hardly knew you with that hat over your face. This is Miss Page, who has come to stay the summer with us. We have been getting some fish for breakfast," and he held up a fine string.

Dorrance bowed again, and dismounted. The girl was tall and slender, and the delicate poise of her head, together with her fine dark, slightly imperious eyebrows, gave her something of an air of haughtiness. In the morning sunlight her brown hair took on yellowish tones; and when, smiling at him faintly, she opened wide her eyes, narrowed by the heat and the light, he saw they were gray, clear, and unfathomable.

Mr. Foster hurried on to the house, leaving Dorrance and the girl to follow, and it seemed to Dorrance after that that they had never been strangers. Elinor Page's life had not been a happy one. She had almost the same philosophy that Dorrance had, and, strangely enough, he sought to take it from her. She awoke within him a great wave of tenderness, as might some delicate child whom he ought to make happy in some way. At times she was even gay, and the amount of youth she drew from him then surprised him; and she was yet so sympathetic, so old, it seemed to him, he was absolutely without reserve with her. She was all that he was not, and she went farther in her coldness, and was more open in her warmth; she pulsated with life and a magnetism that drew from him every corner of his affection. She satisfied an unsuspected longing in him for fellowship, and he took her—always with the Foster children—to explore new roads. On early mornings they had all followed the course of the river, so early that the trout were boldly leaping in their waters. They had read together in pine woods on warm days, or, shut up in the house during the rainy season, she played for him, as some women love to play, little bits from Chopin, or odd exquisite bars and measures strung together in one flowing melody. And they had talked until there seemed to be nothing in the life of one that the other did not know. But by the river, or on the slope, or listening to the old piano, through all, like a running thread, had been the strong consciousness of youth and sympathy, and to Dorrance their lives seemed interwoven.

The maps and reports grew apace, and the summer drifted on. One day late in August Dorrance rode over to Foster's. The sun shone fiercely on the white house, dazzling the eyes with its glare. Mrs. Foster came to the door as Dorrance was about to dismount. She was a pretty woman, with light hair and a fair skin well set off by a gown of some blue material.

"Elinor is not here," she said, anticipating him. "She has taken the boys and gone over to the ridge."

He thanked her, made some remark about the heat, and rode away. Down by the lake he went, as he had gone on that morning in June. That was the beginning, and this—an it pleased Fate—would not be the ending, but merely another beginning.

To his right a grove of young cotton-woods stretched away, and on the other side, so near that its pebbly shore encroached on the road, lay the lake. A great mass of tangled weed filled it for the first five or six feet, but beyond, its waters reflected faintly tree and shrub and distant line of mountains. Dorrance left the main road, and ascended the gentle slope they called the ridge. From it one could look down both on gulch and cañon, and see where the two joined; and he knew just what Elinor would be doing there: she would be face downward against a convenient ledge of rocks, a book open before her, which she would not be reading. She would be supporting herself on her elbows, her face in the hollows of her hands, her eyes two long slanting lines of light, and her thoughts far away.

He rode under the pines, and saw her so in the distance. The boys were not in sight, but he could hear their voices from the other side of the slope.

Elinor looked up at the sound of the horse's hoof against the rocks, and lazily watched his approach. He dismounted, and slipped the reins around a broken branch of a tree.

"It is dreamful here," she said, without moving.

"My soul to-day
So far away—"

He took off his hat, and sat down near her in the shade.

"I have been thinking," she said, "how beautiful is all this," and she glanced to the country spread out before her. "And yet what is it all for? What is its purpose?"

He laughed. "Do not peer so into everything," he said. "What do you care for purposes if you have results and effects?"

"But there must surely be a purpose in everything," she said. "Or is everything futile?"

"Nothing is futile," he said, positively.

"I am," she said.

"You?"

"Yes. What am I living for? I don't do anything to justify me in it."

"You must not talk like that," he said, gravely. "I don't like to hear you do so. Your existence as a woman is justification in itself."

"That's narrow," she said, cynically, "and eminently mas-

culine. Existence to me as a woman is no more to me than existence to you as a man. I look sometimes at women. They seem to me—nine-tenths of them—to be either stupid or dreaming; and since I don't like stupid women, I will call them dreaming."

"What do they dream?" he asked.

"Oh, they dream they are contented."

"Then why wake them?" he interrupted.

"I don't believe they go as far as happiness," she continued.

"Don't you believe in happiness?" he asked.

She sat up on the rocks. "Certainly not," she said, calmly. "I have never even been contented, which is negative, and why should I hope for happiness, which is active?"

He looked up suddenly. "You make it very hard for me to say something to you I especially came here to say." He paused. "Will you tell me just what this summer has been to you?" he asked, finally.

She looked at him in surprise, and something in his look made her flush hotly. She did not answer.

"Well, I will tell you what it has been to me," he said. "It has been so much to me that I think of you all the time; you are with me always; my life is irretrievably interwoven with yours, for—I love you."

She paled a little.

"And how is it with you?" he said. "What do you think of me?"

There was no answer for a long time, and then she said, slowly, "I like you."

"I don't believe it," he said, looking full at her. "You love me."

"What is love?" she asked, evasively.

"It is the same old thing," he said; "there is no improvement on it; and I believe you love me. Am I not more to you than any other man?"

"If you are, that means nothing," she said.

"It does, because it is mutual."

"Well, what then?" she said.

It was his turn to flush. "Why, we'll marry," he answered.

She raised her eyebrows slightly. "What then?"

"We'll be together."

"What's the use?"

He jumped up angrily. "You force me into an unpleasant attitude," he said. "What's the matter with you? You don't know how this sounds. What do people usually marry for?"

"I don't know what men marry for," she said. "Women marry for different things—almost everything."

He caught her by the hands. "I have never known you like this before."

"And I have never known you like this before," she said. "You are different to me now. I have cared so much for our friendship that I have never thought of—this." She moved away from him.

"That is right," he said; "be frank with me. Why won't you marry me?"

"I am afraid to," she answered, looking away from him in sudden shyness. Then she said, in low tones, "I will be frank with you, Kenneth; you are surely my best friend." She looked up at him. "All my life I have tried in the most childish and persistent manner to make myself believe in everything, but all the time there has been within me the lurking knowledge that I have been tricking myself. I seem to be two people—an older person deceiving a child. Even in my religion, you know, I shut my eyes tight, and said, 'Now you mustn't ask questions.' It may be all right; it probably is if you will only accept authority; but I won't permit myself to wonder. I am emotional, high-strung, and I have always felt that there is only one chance out of ten for happiness for me. And, oh, I hope I shall be happy. I do want to be happy. I never have been yet." She stopped, carried away by her own thoughts, and brooded some minutes.

"And what is that one chance out of ten?" at last asked Dorrance.

She started, and a burning color dyed her face. Then she raised her head and looked him bravely in the eyes, and said, "To marry a man whom I deeply and passionately love—which nearly all women miss."

"Dearest," he said, in low tones, "you will do that."

"Unless," she went on, "I merely marry the man who loves me—which nearly all women do. You find such men often enough."

There was a silence.

"Will you marry me?" he said again, gently.

"How am I to know that you are the tenth man?" she replied, evasively. "You are not labelled."

"I have been ever since I met you," he answered.

"I am afraid," she said. "Marriage is the one state where I cannot tell myself that I am happy. I could not even attempt any disillusion. I could only sit down, bury my head in my lap, and say: 'I am not happy! I am not happy!' What should I do then?"

"You dear child!" he said.

"No; that is the trouble," she answered. "I am not a child. I have always been old."

"I need not tell you all that you are to me, and I believe I am even that to you, but you do not know it," he said, smiling.

"It is no use," she said, wearily. "I am tired talking about it; besides, I am going away next week, back to my married sisters, where I live."

He looked away, far over to the river, and marked its course down the cañon, to the lonely gulch, the narrow winding road, a cabin; then he looked at the girl before him.

"And I," he said, "am going away to-night."

"To-night!" she echoed.

"To-night," he said, calmly. "I shall certainly start about seven o'clock down that cañon on this pony. I will stay all night at some ranch down here, so I will have an early start to catch the early train at the nearest railroad point for Denver. My traps are always ready to be moved at a moment's notice, and they can be sent after me."

She sat down. "You are really going?" she said. She looked pale.

"Yes," he answered. "I am through with everything here. I intended to talk to you this afternoon, but I thought the ending would have been different. There is no reason now why I should remain here. I cannot remain here and have you leave." He looked at his watch. "It is now four o'clock, and I will have to be leaving you; there are a few things to get together, you know."

"You are really going?" she said again.

"Yes," he replied. "Your ideas are so fixed, I have been foolish to attempt to change them, and there is no use in continuing with you a friendship that has no object. I am not fond of air-plants; I am only a man." He took the reins of his horse. "Good-by, dear; we have been friends this summer, and I shall have the memory of it anyway. And I shall never be quite alone in the world, for I shall know that my soul once recognized another; nothing can take that from me." He held her hand against his face. "You will not ask me to stay?"

She shook her head, and he mounted his horse and rode away. She sat in something like a stupor where he had left her. He was not gone; and yet he was descending the slope, and she could see only his shoulders, his head, then nothing of him at all. In fright she called to him, but her voice was faint, and she scarcely heard it herself. It was all so sudden. She still seemed to hear the tones of his voice in the air around, then she did hear the cries of the children, and she knew he was gone. Well, he could go. She called the boys, and went home, laughing and talking with them, but her brain was busy with another story. Everything was quiet in the house. Mrs. Foster was sewing, and nobody seemed to have been there to say good-by. She felt restless and sat down at the piano, but she seemed to hear him talking, and the chords she struck seemed so old; so she tried to read. But her mind refused to be tied down to the book, and when she found herself reading over one sentence for the third time, she put it aside with a flush of anger, and went out in the yard where the children were playing. How recklessly the boys ran! He was probably putting together some books and clothes. She wished he had not gone so suddenly. She pulled up her thoughts sharply; then she sat down in one corner of the wide porch, and put her hands over her face.

"Oh, what's the use," she said, "of all this subterfuge? I shall have to face it. I am sorry he has gone, and I am going to give myself up to it." And she went up to her room, and spent a wretched hour. All that he had ever said to her seemed to come back to her.

She went down stairs. Supper was on the table, and Mr. Foster, who had been over for the mail, had just come in.

"I heard something about young Dorrance leaving," he said. "If it is true, it is something very sudden. I saw him this morning, and he didn't say anything of it."

"Why, he was over here only this afternoon," said Mrs. Foster, "and went over to the ridge to see Elinor." She looked sharply at the girl, and then at her husband.

"Well, he was a very fine young man," Mr. Foster could not help saying.

Supper was over, and Elinor threw a light shawl around her, and slipped out of the house, going down by the lake. How still everything was, and how lonely! She looked up at the ridge; it did not seem possible that they had been there only that afternoon. She remembered so much she wished she had said to him. If she could only talk with him again! She might even see him now if she would go over the cross-roads. But how ridiculous! Of course she would not do that. She passed the lake, and strolled aimlessly down the Gulch Road. They had always been so friendly, so sympathetic! It might be that she would never again meet any one who would be to her exactly what he had been. He had never obtruded his masculinity upon her in any way. She liked that in him. She must see him, but it was too late to go over the cross-roads now, for he had started by this time. If she would go through the gulch— She could not do it—the narrow, lonely gulch—so she would never see him again. Then she drew a long breath, and started to run, gently and with long, swinging steps, her lips lightly closed, and she was running down the Gulch Road.

Dorrance was riding down the cañon road. His horse was walking with gentle, easy motion, and he himself was lost in thought. He seemed to be in a dream. His traps were ready to be forwarded, and he was leaving without a single farewell visit. He had no intention of going away when he went on the ridge that afternoon, but when Elinor had said so calmly that she was going away so soon, it had seemed to him the only thing for him to do. He had hoped that she would not let him go without one word to stay him. He did not want to go, but he wanted less to stay after what he had said. It was the only alternative. Perhaps it was better so. Then he thought of what she was to him, and all the youth he might not have. Why, to think of her made his blood run faster! But she was not for him, and only the old silent life awaited him. He shut his mouth until two lines deepened around his lips.

It was dusk, and the air was sweet with late summer odors from the mountains, from the pine woods that rose darkly on either side, from the clematis which made patches of white in the gloom as it trailed its fragrant starry blossoms over rock and log, and even from early fall weeds. The river had a rhythmic swish in its roar, and as he swayed with his horse it was now loud, now low. He remembered when a boy how he had loved to close his eyes and move his head slowly forward and backward when he was within hearing of running water. He tried it now, but his horse stumbled. He must have been mistaken, after all. She could not have cared for him as he did for her, or she would never have let him go. Then he told himself he ought not to have put her to the test. A woman's feelings were not so strong as a man's.

It seemed dark and lonely, but the cañon was widening a little now, the Gulch Road was near. He could see where it entered, and it was certainly forbidding. Some wild hawthorn bushes by the road-side rustled, and his horse shied violently. Something came out and toward him. It was a woman.

"Kenneth!" she called, with a little sobbing cry.

"Elinor!" He jumped off his horse, and as he felt her tender shape pressed against him, her arms around his neck, and her wet cheek against his, it seemed to him he had nothing more to ask for. "This is the only way," he said.

There was no light or sound save from the stars and the river. Once she raised her head and would have spoken. "Oh," she said, "I was all wrong—nothing was true."

"Never mind," he said. "This is—" But the river drowned his voice. It roared and eddied and foamed, and even seemed to pause in its mad hurry and leap into the air that it might see and carry another story on its way.

In the happy rush of her life since, Mrs. Kenneth Dorrance has hardly had time to analyze herself out of the ranks of the many women who dream. On the contrary, she thinks tremblingly of the very narrow thread on which her tenth chance hung, and she will never know how she got through the gulch, past the ghostly willows and the deserted cabins, through the little meadow with the sound of water running where she could not see, and around the curve and into the cañon. If she had stopped to think, she could never have done it. But if she speaks about it to her husband, he only says, simply, "It was the only way."

A BELATED PASSENGER.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

As he stood before the cigar stand he no longer debated whether he should buy a fifteen or twenty cent cigar—he simply took three for a quarter. But cigars of this texture palled upon him before long, and he sought relief in a pipe. He was always dropping in on some friend about lunch-time, and he kept an account of those who treated him to a meal. Strange to say, he avoided such friends thereafter, and was careful to put himself into no position to retaliate in like manner, while he haunted the offices of those who were likely to ask him. He lost that look of tailor-made neatness that had distinguished him on the street, and actually wore clothes that were new the year before. Rumor began to be busy regarding him, and the recent losses in the N. G. mining stock were attributed to be his. But his spirits underwent no change for the worse; on the contrary, he fairly bubbled over with happiness, and made new friends every day by his very light-heartedness—which friends he speedily utilized in the luncheon way. No one knew his secret, nor imagined that a demon held him in its thrall; but clutching his pocket and wound around his check-book were the long skinny fingers of the Demon of Economy. He did not fully realize the spell that bound him until he fell back upon a pipe for the sake of the few cents that he might save; and when the realization of what he had done came to him, he only smiled. In truth, he was marked as the demon's own.

"Jack must be thinking of matrimony," remarked one of the men at the club. "He's as close-fisted as a miser now. He declined to go on a little racket last week because it cost too much. Just think of it! Why, a year ago Jack would have borrowed the money on the spot from me if he didn't have it. Who is the girl, I wonder?"

No one knew; but on the strength of this, rumor promptly engaged him to several eligible maidens, and fond wives used him as a text, and read several homilies on economy to their rather extravagant husbands. And the demon who had him in thrall smiled broadly when he heard the news, while Jack's face reflected the glory. Then the secret burst upon the wondering world. He was going to Europe on a trip, and for that reason had taken the economical fiend in tow. The money saved was for a future pleasure, when his dream of foreign travel would be realized, and he might—well, he might do almost anything. Aided by the fiend, the hoard grew, the passage was bought, and once more he blossomed out as the Jack of yore, and went around to bid adieu to all his friends. Under these affecting circumstances Jack was not expected to lay out any of the funds that he had amassed. The steamer was to sail on Saturday morning at nine o'clock, and on Friday evening he returned from the country, where he had been to bestow a hurried embrace upon his family, and put up at the hotel where he was well known.

He was not a nervous man. If he had been, he would not have slept at all that night; but being utterly devoid of nerves, he slumbered babe-like and peaceful, and failed to wake when the porter called him at seven o'clock. Half an hour later he did open his eyes, and after consulting his watch, spent twenty minutes in calling down anathemas upon the head of the derelict porter, his ancestors, and his family through all futurity. During this objurgation he was busily dressing, but it was a few minutes after eight when he took his seat in the cab.

"Yis," answered the charioteer, as Jack endeavored to impress him with the importance of haste, "but this baste can do it in thir-rty minutes, aisy."

So the beast went off, and Jack risked decapitation from passing trucks as he thrust his head out of the window every block and besought the driver to hurry.

"Yer can't hurry down Broadway," remarked the ruler on the box; and there was something true if not trite in the remark. Fifteen minutes passed away, and the cab crawled. Suddenly the steed seemed to be made aware of the necessity of haste, for he unlimbered his long legs and sped away. Then came the river-front—so full of incident, so devoid of interest, redolent with odors of a thousand varieties, and lacking the least approach to the picturesque. The cab-horse showed an insane desire to ride over truck and horse and man that impeded him, but that was out of the question. The steamer pier was two blocks away, the hour was fifteen minutes distant, when the cab came to a sudden stand-still. Four trucks in front wanted to go in four different directions at once, but the physical laws made such a course impossible, and a policeman emphasized the fact. The cab was hemmed in on all sides, so Jack had to wait. He be-

"FORTY-SIX FOOTER'S."

"Why do they call them forty-six footer's on the water-line, Augustus?"
"I think it's because they carry forty men, all six feet."
"But I can only count twelve on that one."
"H'm! They keep the other thirty-four below the water-line—er—in reserve, I believe."

guiled the monotony by extemporizing maledictions in reference to everything, until finally the line got started again, the cab crawled down to the pier, and Jack saw the steamer in mid-stream, casting off from the tugs.

The pier suddenly resolved itself into a top, and began spinning; but amid its revolutions Jack saw a man in a peaked cap, like some kind of official.

"Twenty-five dollars, sir," he said, touching his hat.

"All right," Jack answered, and it wasn't three minutes before he was on a tug, puffing after the steamer. The steamer seemed to be going very slowly, and the tug fairly groaned in its haste, but the big ship was half way down the bay before Jack caught her. Then she slowed up still more, let down the steps, and Jack scrambled on board, while his baggage was being hoisted up the side. It was a terrible climb—about a mile, according to his computation—and all the while a hundred faces were staring at him over the rail.

"There was two gentlemen waiting for you," said the steward, bringing in Jack's baggage to the cabin, "and they each had a box o' cigars. But they didn't leave 'em, 'cause they thought you wasn't coming."

"All right," replied Jack, cheerfully; "I don't believe I'll need them"; and then he began to figure how many cigars were lost in the money he paid the tug captain to catch the steamer.

THE UPRISING IN CHILI.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

Among the republics of South America, Chili for more than half a century has been practically free from revolution. Her people, compared with other peoples of the southern continent, are unusually independent and stable of character, and they possess a strong national spirit. The political executive power is lodged in the hands of a President, chosen by an electoral college for a five-years' term, who, under the constitution, is ineligible for re-election. The legislative power is vested in a national Congress composed of a Senate, whose members are chosen for a term of six years, and a Chamber of Deputies thrice as great in number, chosen for three years. The members of both Houses are elected directly by the people under a system of restricted suffrage.

The great land-owners of the country mostly live in Valparaiso and Santiago, and, composed of a few wealthy families, have practically controlled the government for the last thirty years, and have invariably chosen the chief executive. The President, whose ministers are responsible to Parliament, controls the nomination of all the higher officers—military, civil, and ecclesiastical—is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and appoints the local and provincial administrative authorities. The war with Peru and Bolivia, which popularized and strengthened the government, caused an increase in the regular army. After the war the tendency of the young men of the leading families to seek high civil rather than military appointments opened chances for promotion in the army and navy to men who had not before been able to obtain military commissions. This circumstance brought the army and navy into a closer sympathy with the people, which is an important element in the contest now waging between the President and Congress.

The present uprising is a popular protest against the President's arrogation of unconstitutional powers. The President, José Manuel Balmaceda, now fifty-one years of age, is an educated man of resolute will, a fluent speaker, and an experienced politician. After serving as Deputy in five legislatures, he became Minister of the Interior in 1882. He was one of the founders of the Reform Club in 1868, and in 1874 was an advocate of the separation of church and state; and as Prime Minister in 1884 he introduced civil marriage and other liberal laws. He was inaugurated President, September 18, 1886, for a term which expires September 18, 1891.

In the beginning of President Balmaceda's administration he fulfilled in a measure the liberal tenets of his early career. The public revenues were increased and the cause of popular education advanced. But soon his policy changed, and he showed a disposition to go to unexampled lengths in centralizing the power of the government, controlling legislation, and in manipulating the entire electoral system so as to dictate and control the Presidential succession. These reactionary proceedings roused the active opposition of the whole reform party of Chili. Protests were loud against his usurpation of power, his failure to introduce municipal reform, his opposition to a free ballot, and his appointment of unpopular ministers.

The conservative and modern Liberals, shut out from political preferment, as were the radicals and Montt-Varistas, worked in opposition to him wholly by constitutional means. Balmaceda was so unpopular, and his effort to place a man of his own selection in a position to succeed him was so marked and open, that the Liberals joined to the Conservatives at the last session of Congress were so decisively in the majority that with their allies they had seventy-five votes against twenty-nine in the Chamber of Deputies, and thirty votes against four in the Senate. The strength of the constitutional party once determined, Congress declared for salutary measures of election reform. Early in the session the Senate passed a bill calling for a constitutional amendment by which Congress could be convoked by committees of the two Houses, without the President's consent, and demanded that nominations to office should be submitted for the Senate's approval. Congress, also, by resolution, asked the Minister to resign, and the President to appoint a cabinet acceptable to both Chambers, their request being backed by their lawful control of the budget and the power of making laws for taxation for the new fiscal year. Balmaceda tried to head off and anticipate the effect of their action by recommending certain reforms, which concessions, however, were insufficient to avert the conflict.

Under the pressure of Congress, the President was forced to form a cabinet composed of the best men of all parties, with the Liberal leader Belisario-Prats at the head. But he refused the electoral reforms demanded, and after the Chambers had approved the proposal for the revenues, he formed a new cabinet; and when both Houses then refused to grant the appropriation, they were dissolved. The President proclaimed himself Dictator on the 1st of January last, declaring that he would govern without the laws. He reconstructed his cabinet, filling it largely with military men, assigned army officers to the government of provinces and departments, retired many others from the army, and changed the commanding officers of various regiments to secure them in his favor. He suspended the right of public meetings in the streets, and disregarded the protest of the Consultative Parliament Committee on his unconstitutional conduct in interfering with public assemblies.

Balmaceda's action was followed by a general protest, expressed in the newspapers and in indignation meetings. On the afternoon of January 6th, the presidents of the House and Senate left Santiago, after calling on the country in a formal appeal to resist "the tyrant," and placed themselves under the protection of the navy at Valparaiso. The Director-General of the Treasury refused to honor Balmaceda's orders for money; the Chilian navy, except several vessels in foreign waters, unanimously declared against the government, and active hostilities soon began.

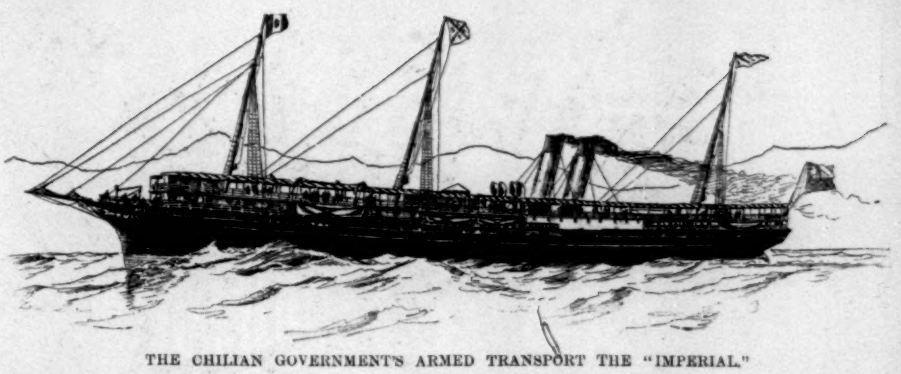
The navy, the main reliance of the Congress party, has always been Liberal in political tendency, and its officers are men of progressive ideas. It is to the army, to which he has always shown preference, that Balmaceda chiefly looks for support. The navy, which is a remarkably strong one for the size of the country, consists of three ironclads, one deck-protected cruiser, ten first-class and two second-class torpedo-boats, two corvettes, four gunboats, two despatch boats, two transports, and four sailing vessels. The Chilian regular land forces siding as a body with the government have a total strength of 5610 men and officers. The National Guard, divided in uncertain proportions between the two parties, comprises 46,641 infantry and 8200 cavalry. The Chilian government controls most of the telegraph lines, and exercises a strict censorship of despatches.

The Congress party have blockaded the most important sea-ports and stretches of coast, and on land have been successful in several small battles. On the part of the government forces, wherever they have control, there has been the action usual in South-American revolutions—of the declaration of martial law, the torturing and shooting of political offenders, and other severe measures of intimidation and suppression. The struggle now launched is sustained by invincible determination on both sides. It must be fought out to the death, and the end will come only with the exhaustion of resources of one party. Balmaceda has a trained and disciplined army, which thus far has generally remained loyal to him; and he has the machinery of government and his position at the capital—advantages which are offset by the possession by the Congress party of the navy and nitrate beds of northern Chili. The country in respect to area is about evenly divided between the two parties, the government holding possession at the south, and the Congressists at the north. There is little doubt that, secretly or openly, a great majority of the people favor the Congress party.

At an election held on June 27th last in the provinces of southern Chili, under the President's control, Balmaceda's candidate, Señor Vicuna, was elected President. The insurgent fleet are in rendezvous at Caldera, with a probable purpose to attack Coquimbo, where Balmaceda has concentrated troops, and it is probable that some decisive fighting will soon take place there or near there.

The Chilian navy is a factor of great importance, as, owing to the conformation of the country, with its long coast and the position of its cities, it controls the avenues of communication, many towns being almost inaccessible by land.

A leading feature in the policy of the Congress party is effectually to protect their nitrate ports, on which they depend for the sinews of war. The absence of arms for the equipment of its land forces has been a sad drawback, as there is a force of 7000 or 8000 men in readiness, but for this lack, to invade the south. The city of Iquique is the Congressional capital, and the Bolivian government has recognized the insurgents as belligerents. It is claimed by the Congress party that the Chilian Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional function, is now the government. The Supreme Court has decided the acts of the Dictator to be illegal, and the courts are closed. There are many issues involved in this contest, which make the situation difficult for people unacquainted with the country and people to correctly understand. The *prima facie* case is with the Congress party, which, in the effort to secure free and fair elections, has taken up arms for the maintenance of the constitutional rights of the representative body against the unlawful assumption by the President of dictatorial authority.



THE CHILIAN GOVERNMENT'S ARMED TRANSPORT THE "IMPERIAL."

THE BATTLE OF THE SHIP OF WAR AND THE TORPEDO-BOAT.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U. S. N.

Since the 7th of January last, when the entire navy of Chili revolted against the government as represented by Balmaceda, and accompanied by the Vice-President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, left their anchorage at Valparaiso, the struggle between the two factions known as the *gobernistos* and the *opositores* has been a fitful one.

Of the successes and reverses of either party the world at large has been made cognizant through the press in but a general and uncertain way, for the limits of control, in so far as are concerned the mail and telegraph, are well marked and closely guarded by both parties alike.

Chilian soil, from Arica to Huasco, which includes the province of Tarapacá and its nitrate beds, is in possession of the *opositores*, while from Coquimbo to the southward and inland to the Argentine the *gobernistos* retain their sway.

From the northward telegrams go to Europe *viâ* Galveston; from the southward, to the United States *viâ* Buenos Ayres and Europe. Between Coquimbo and Huasco the lines are cut.

Steamers from Panama are stopped, overhauled, and delayed at any of the northern ports; those from the Magellan Strait are subjected to similar treatment at Valparaiso. Mails are freely opened by both parties, and passengers themselves are rigorously searched on the slightest suspicion of carrying letters. Under such conditions it is almost impossible to acquire any information other than that relating to the movements of those within whose lines one is residing, and even there to arrive at the truth is strangely difficult.

Rumors are made and false reports circulated with such startling rapidity that nothing is credited until confirmed by the most unimpeachable testimony.

Of the seven actions on land that have thus far taken place between the opposing forces, the details are not even yet satisfactorily known, since the so-called official accounts rendered are by no means reconcilable.

In the mean time Chili is divided against itself; it has lost in battle some of its best men; its trade is practically paralyzed, since the income from the industries of the two sections is insufficient for the sinews of this fratricidal war. The unhappiness of the people, their unavoidable misery, the excesses committed on either side, the loss of lives and property—all apparently failed to produce a sense of their suicidal action, until the strongest vessel on the Chili navy list was destroyed by the torpedo-boats *Almirante Condell* and *Almirante Lynch*, on the 23d of April last.

The fearfully destructive power of these two small vessels, and the possibility of a watchful enemy's finding and seizing the opportunity of using them, have taught Chili a lesson, and perhaps the military world as well. For, despite all the theories advanced, all the peaceful experiments heretofore made, all the claims for and against the torpedo and the huge war vessel, the fact remains that the practical success of the automobile torpedo under conditions of actual warfare was first demonstrated by the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada*, with the loss of more than two hundred lives. The effect of this incident of warfare is already shown here in the attitude of those to whom is confided the direction of affairs.

Following the action at Caldera, party feeling naturally increased in intensity. Valparaiso elated, flushed, and jubilant, faced Valparaiso dejected, sad, and depressed; for here, at the very seat of government, the opposition finds apparently nothing but sympathy, outside of army and other official circles.

Again, at Iquique, the revolutionists themselves, smarting under their loss, hailed with delight and ardor an order from Admiral Montt to the effect that the whole fleet should be ready in three days to capture Valparaiso. Nothing short of speedy and complete revenge could satisfy the spirit of the moment. Then came the reaction of deliberation, strengthened by outside counsel, followed by apparent inaction, with redoubled vigilance.

To-day (May 6th) there is sitting in Santiago a secret conference, presided over by the ministers of the United States, France, and Brazil, to whom the Balmaceda government and the opposition are submitting their respective claims, the opposition being represented by certain of its prominent leaders who have been in hiding, but whose personal safety is assured by the government. While it is hoped, it is yet hardly believed, that this conference will succeed in bringing about a re-establishment of peace in the country.

When the torpedo-boats *Condell* and *Lynch* arrived at Valparaiso, and were safely handed over to the Chilian government, they practically constituted the naval strength of the loyal party. The half-dozen other but smaller torpedo-boats could hardly be classed as sea-going, nor could the armed transport *Imperial* be deemed an efficient fighting machine.

In the hands of the insurgents were the *Blanco Encalada*, the *Cochrane*, the *Huascar*, the *Esmeralda*, the *O'Higgins*, and the *Abtao*, together with the transports *Magellanes*, *Aconcagua*, *Bio-Bio*, and *Cachapool*.

Every effort was made to prepare the *Condell* and *Lynch* for immediate service. Aside from the many details which always require especial attention, the steel boiler tubes were to be replaced by copper ones, to supply which some were taken from locomotives on shore. The battery was to be overhauled, the torpedo mechanism tested, and the crew drilled. To Commander Carlos Moraga, as senior, was assigned the *Condell*; to Commander Alberto Fuentes, the *Lynch*. Both these officers possessed in a high degree the confidence of the government, and enjoyed a reputation for skill, courage, and dash.

On the 18th of April these two vessels, together with the armed transport *Imperial*, left Valparaiso, under the command of Moraga. Each torpedo cruiser had as armament three 14-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns, four 3-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns, two Gatlings, and two 37-inch revolving cannon. In addition to a torpedo tube in the stern, each carried four Canet torpedo guns amidships, and was supplied with nine Whitehead torpedoes, whose explosive charge was of fifty kilograms of gun-cotton.

The crew of each vessel consisted of 155 souls, a large proportion being soldiers furnished for the occasion by the garrison on shore.

Two sets of triple-expansion engines, supplied with steam from four locomotive boilers, developing an indicated horse-power of 4500, and promising an estimated speed of twenty-one knots to these smart little cruisers, gave their commanders increased confidence in the success of their undertaking.

There was no attempt on the part of the government to conceal their mission, which was avowedly to attack the revolted squadron. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining news from the enemy's side, and the frequent change of position of their squadron, in part or in whole, its whereabouts was not definitely known.

From Huasco, however, at that time in possession of the government, Captain Moraga received word that the ships were nearly all at Caldera, and it was therefore in the full possibility of encountering a large force that he determined upon his attack. Moreover, it was well known that the squadron was aware of the preparations being made at Valparaiso, and it was but natural to assume that a careful lookout would be maintained.

As a matter of fact, this had been done on board the ill-fated *Blanco Encalada* up to the night of her loss, and it appears that her commander, Goñi, was the only one who had exercised the vigilance necessary under the circumstances. He had no torpedo nets, as in the hurried abandonment of the anchorage

(*Continued on page 522.*)

A FIFTH AVENUE 'BUS.—Drawn

S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.

ENLISTED MEN WHOSE NAMES APPEAR IN GENERAL ORDERS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

WITH rattle of musket and clash of sabre ran the dread machine which coined that French saying, "Every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack," for it bears the mill stamp of Marengo, Wagram, Austerlitz. Fighting, then, to conquer or to die is a soldier's business. But cannot he show gallantry in another guise?

In the life of every man in the service of the United States there comes once in a while the chance of earning distinction other than by giving or taking hard knocks. The much-desired commission does not depend on valor alone. For the obtaining of it there must be a sound basis of education. Because Chiron coached Achilles in things other than handling the bow, that hero rose from the ranks; but Ajax, fighter, bruiser, who could not spell, never wore chevrons.

Courage, its many shadings, has been wearisomely discussed. Obedience—utter, absolute obedience—the basis of military duty, gives that opportunity for a display of courage which is true heroism. During the civil war, on both sides, because it was a hard military necessity, regiments were put, had to be thrown, in position as are breakwaters to ward off a surging sea. It was the business of these men to block the way. They helped to check defeat, to gain victory. Asking no reasons for their self-immolation, they stood ready to be killed. In the wild flurry of the charge there are no cravens. The poorest-spirited man keeps abreast with the onward rush. But for men to stand sullen, dogged, to take and never to give, to be riddled, torn to shreds, to face dull death, for duty's sake, that, that, indeed, is sublime!

Recompenses for gallantry vary with nationalities. Once on a time there was an undersized man with a sallow face and eyes that drove right through you. He was clad in a gray coat, and wore a cocked hat. He was a later-day Cæsar, that was all, who made and unmade kings. It was his wont after some hard-fought battle, before the wheel furrows of the artillery had been smoothed away, the ground still scarred with shells, and the dead, friend and foe, not yet returned to earth—it was his wont to call some bronzed grenadier from the ranks and to simply pull his ears, and that touch of an emperor, that tweaking, was a consecration, and gave something akin to immortality. That soldier must have been the bravest of the brave, otherwise Napoleon would never have been familiar with him. Then the masterful man would detach a small cross from his person, pin it with his own hands on the breast of the smoke-begrimed soldier, and now the fighting legions would howl like wolves that hoarse cry, "We will die for the Emperor!" And it was no vaporing, for to gain that cross a half million of men stood ready to bite the dust. Somehow the traditions of a cross thus acquired live on and on. A poor lone woman in a wretched quarter of New York was dying. With halting voice she said to the curé who stood by her bedside: "It is by your charity I shall find shroud, coffin, Christian burial. I had a father who was not kind, a son who did not love me. Forgive a perishing soul! But, my good curé, here, under my pillow, is the cross my grandfather won—the cross the Emperor put on his breast. I have starved, as my mother did before me, and we never pawned this cross. Let it stay under my head. When I am dead, wait not a moment, take it. I have a grandson in France—you will find his name written on the paper—and I charge you transmit the cross to him. If he be married to a good woman, give it to his wife for safe-keeping, and say I will rise from my grave and curse them should they by a single dishonorable act tarnish that poor cross!"

"My son," said to me afterward that kindly priest, "what that woman told was true. It shows us—excuse my homily—the vicissitudes of life. We buried her at the cost of the Church, not that that makes any difference, thank God! for the rest of her soul, but that woman's grandfather was a general of cavalry—rose from the ranks—and during the fine days of the Empire he was of Murat's staff; and yesterday I transmitted to France the cross. It was sacred. Though the woman's family had gone to wreck and ruin, she, poor soul, was honest—I may say, a God-fearing woman. The cross of the Legion of Honor saved her. Why should such a material thing have had such a lasting effect? It was a case of *noblesse oblige*."

You tackle a complex subject when you try to show how you may best make some tangible thing which will signalize a man's act of bravery. M. Taine labors hard to make us believe that Napoleon was only the condottiere of a modern political Renaissance, but the man of Corsica was republican and democratic about certain things. "Why should there be," he asked, "fleeces of gold, orders of the garter, crosses of the Holy Ghost, of Saint Louis, thrown to those who are the mere accidents of an accident?" The idea of the Legion of Honor may have had its first germ at Montenotte. When Napoleon cleared the bridge over the Adda at Lodi he matured it. He baptized it in blood, hence its red-hued ribbon.

Man will never quite emancipate himself from some kind of tangible symbol which indicates personal distinction. The lad wins the medal at school, and grown to be the man, fights for a similar award. There is the Victoria Cross, a military decoration given in our own day in England. If ever you see that trinket dangling on an Englishman's breast, you may be positive that he won it in defence of his country—that the man did some act of signal bravery, risked his life when there were all the chances against him. "Baubles for teething ambition to bite on," some one has called these portable honors. Well, then, we may say that in the matter-of-fact personage is rarely found the clay out of which a hero can be fashioned.

Some month or more ago Major-General Schofield issued two general orders, publishing the names of officers and enlisted men who during the years 1888 and 1889 had distinguished themselves by specially meritorious conduct. In particularizing the character of these special acts, Major-General Schofield added that the honors bestowed "are not strictly in the line of military duty, but include all acts worthy of special mention."

Addressing the Adjutant-General for information as to precedents and the custom of publishing "in orders" the names and deeds of officers and soldiers who have distinguished themselves in the service of their country, Adjutant-General Kelton's reply was that "it was of very long standing in this and other countries. General Scott published such an order after the conclusion of the Mexican war. General Sherman, while commanding the army, issued similar orders in particular cases, but no effort was made in our service to do this systematically until the issue of the general orders of 1888. It has been considered that such orders furnish to the army object-lessons of great value as showing what has been and can be done by officers and soldiers in the service of their country, and that such service is appreciated by the government."

The order designated as "No. 109" was issued by command of Major-General Schofield, December 10, 1888, and as promulgated by the Adjutant-General, R. C. Drum, is as follows:

"Announcement is made to the army that it is in contemplation to publish annually hereafter, at the close of each year, commencing with 1889, an order making mention of gallant or specially meritorious acts or conduct in service, on the part of either commissioned officers or enlisted men of the army, and containing the names of those who have received medals of honor and certificates of merit.

"It is therefore directed that whenever any officer or soldier shall have distinguished himself in any way by service conspicuous for the skill, fortitude, courage, or gallantry displayed, a full report of the facts be at once made by an officer cognizant of the same, through the military channel, to the Adjutant-General, for the information of the Major-General commanding the army."

In the endeavor made in this article to present the acts of "skill, fortitude, courage, gallantry," performed, only those special to the soldiers are noticed, and for reasons readily explainable. The admirable conduct of our officers is too well known to be commented upon. The *éclat* they receive for distinguished gallantry is more generally brought to the attention of the public than are similar acts credited to the rank and file.

In procuring the necessary information, the task was by no means an easy one. The salient trait of a brave man is his modesty. It became, then, difficult to get those whose names had been published in "orders" to tell their own stories. In most of the cases it was the officers themselves, witnesses of the acts, who were only too well pleased to testify to the gallantry of the men. Everybody, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest officer, seems to have taken the subject to heart, indicative of the true *esprit de corps*. They all wanted justice done. From one officer of distinction I have received a letter so much to the point that I needs must publish a portion of it, though it is only a sample of many others. This officer writes: "Soldiers have so few opportunities to distinguish themselves, and so little encouragement from society and the press, that I am glad to do what I can in their favor.... I will say that while we have a few worthless characters in the ranks we have many very fine and reliable men, and I believe far above the social level of the communities in which we serve on the frontier. Yet they are ostracized, and even in the East looked down upon.... It should be an honor to our proudest American youth to wear the uniform of our army, instead of its being considered as a degradation, and the press can do more than all else to bring about the proper feeling. The position is as honorable as that of the officer, and many fill it creditably, but certainly under discouragement and mortifying circumstances."

Without further preamble I begin. I need not pick or choose. From a voluminous batch of papers sent me from all the far and distant outposts of the country, I select one at random. It is sure to be of interest.

How would you like to plunge your hand into a basin of boiling water to get a ring, say, slipped off the finger of your ladylove? Even as a gallant man you would want to wait until the water cooled. Private John Coyle, of the Hospital Corps of the United States army, who was stationed at Yellowstone Park, is a *preux* chevalier—nothing short of an Amadis—for he risked his life for a lady. Lady she may have been, fair perhaps, but silly certainly. The fact is that that young person's conduct was idiotic. Private John Coyle, who was Irish born, never for an instant took the time to think how stupid the woman had been. When she fell into the geyser "Old Faithful," Coyle gave that sea of scalding water no more consideration than he would a bath in the refreshing surf of a warm July day. He would have jumped into the seething lava of Mount Etna's crater if a woman had tumbled in. The post surgeon at Fort Keogh, Montana, sends this account:

JOHN COYLE, OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

"Private Coyle, then a member of Company B, Twenty-second Infantry, was on duty, with a mixed command, in camp near the "Old Faithful" geyser, Yellowstone Park, in August, 1888. The specific duty of this body of troops was to prevent acts of vandalism by irresponsible persons, and preserve, as fully as possible, the natural features of the park. On the 9th of February Coyle observed a lady climbing the crater of the geyser, and warned her that she was in danger, explaining to her that a gust of wind was liable to blow the hot steam and suffocating gases in her face, and produce unpleasant if not dangerous results to her. This warning was not heeded, the lady asserting that she knew what she was doing, and was not afraid. She had succeeded in making the ascent, when Coyle's prediction was verified, and the venturesome lady, becoming panic-stricken, jumped or fell into the hot water surrounding the opening of the geyser. Thoroughly frightened, she now began to struggle violently to escape from her perilous position, and would have plunged into the chasm of the geyser, had not Coyle at once sprung, with generous impulse, into the pool, and, at the cost of much suffering to himself, lifted her out of the water into a place of safety. He states that he was unable to walk afterward for a period of four weeks, owing to severe scalds he received from the hot water. For this courageous act he was complimented in orders from the Colonel of his regiment, was awarded a silver medal by the Treasury Department, and mentioned by General Schofield in general orders of February 16, 1891."

There is nothing roundabout when an officer gives in words the facts relative to a man's actions. They have sharp military brevity. When Private John Coyle did that fine thing he was just twenty-one years old. It seems hard at that age to take chances of death by a slow parboiling process. The silver medal the man wears was given for life-saving, and few save lives in boiling water.

Here is the story of a plucky act, and the man who is not afraid is known as Hugh Tobin. When it happened he was a private in the Fifth Artillery, stationed at Fort Schuyler. He was the leader, apparently, and infused his spirit into two comrades, Louis Habel and Chatman, a musician. We all know the story of the man whose dray-horse, tumbling off the wharf, fell into the river; and the by-standers, seeing the animal drowning, were immensely sympathetic, all repeating in chorus, "What a pity!" Philadelphia annals record that Stephen Girard was present, and in his matter-of-fact way said: "Yes, you pity him? You pity him 'ow mush? I pity him twenty-five dollar, and here is de monee."

Tobin was in quarters inside Fort Schuyler, and heard some of the soldiers giving vent to exclamations such as: "Isn't it dreadful! Terrible! What a pity! It's too bad that we can't do anything!" Private Tobin's ears were sharp, but not sharper than his sympathies, but he did not give voice to any lachrymose expressions. It was not talking, but action, he thought of. What was the matter? Out on the Sound it was blowing great guns. A northeaster was picking up the water and spraying it over the sea-walk on the parade-ground. Away off, struggling for life, two men were drowning. They could not have stood five minutes more the impact of the heavy seas. Their capsized boat, drifting away, was beyond their reach.

Writes a fellow-soldier, who heard all about it afterward, "Tobin may have made a few choice remarks," more pertinent than elegant perhaps, of the kind probably in use in Flanders, or, as the comrade writes, in consonance with the proverbial "trooper." His allocution must have been eloquence itself, for he called for volunteers, and the two men Habel and Chatman stepped out. He was to lead; they to follow. They got a crazy flat-bottomed skiff, leaky as a sieve. There was the stump of an oar, on the beach a bit of plank, and so all three pushed out into the stormy sea.

I take now Corporal Hugh Tobin's account, which has been somehow or other wrung out of him, and I may remark that with all the refinements and niceties of literary art, with all your starching and ironing, you never can turn out such simple and straightforward unlaundered English.

"As near as I can remember, it was on a Sunday morning. I was cleaning up for inspection, when I heard some one on the porch exclaiming, 'What a pity!' or something similar. Coming out, I saw two young men in the water, quite a distance from the shore. It was blowing pretty hard, and the sea was beating over the sea-wall. Indignant at the action of the other men, I gave them a piece of my mind, and called for some one to go with me and help them. Private Habel, although a married man, and Musician Chatman responded to the call, and we ran to the beach. We had some trouble in launching a leaky skiff, and had only two pieces of boards and a broken oar for paddles. We had a rather hard time to keep the flat-bottomed thing upright. It was half full of sand, and it was filling rapidly when we reached the boy and got him into the skiff. Then we could not turn, but had to back ashore and drag the poor fellow through the surf. A sloop had stood in from the middle of the Sound and picked up the other man before we could reach him. I never paid any attention to this, and never thought that there should be so much said about it. To the contrary, I forgot all about it, and even the names of the men and the date on which it happened, until reminded of its occurrence by the general order from the War Department."

Hugh Tobin was born in 1860 in Boston, Massachusetts, and of a father who served for fifteen years in the regular service. Habel is also from Boston, and was discharged after ten years' service. Chatman, the musician, is a native of Savannah, Georgia. Tobin is to-day corporal of Battery M, Fifth Artillery, stationed at Fort Mason, California; and he must be a good steady man, or he would not be a corporal in a crack artillery regiment. Because Tobin "gave a piece of his mind," two other men behaved gallantly, and a life was saved.

Obedience to orders, meritorious conduct joined with good judgment, never fail meeting with their proper recognition. The prime factor, as has been before stated, in military life is absolute obedience; but that does not run counter to a display of hard commonsense. Men who are trusted have to depend on their own wits at times to surmount unforeseen difficulties. No officer, no matter how clever he is, can give all the points to his scout.

HUGH TOBIN, OF BATTERY M, FIFTH ARTILLERY.

In 1889 Corporal Michael S. Murray, of Troop A, with Private Gustave Meyer (since deceased), of Troop F, Fifth Cavalry, and Private Alexander Duncan, had their names read out in orders, for distinguished service, because of an arduous pursuit and the capture of a deserter; for they caught their rascal, though they rode hard for him over 150 miles in three days in Indian Territory. One hundred and fifty miles straight in three days, to those who know anything about cavalry service, is a unique performance. The escaped prisoner was a villain, had committed various crimes. Under no circumstances can efforts to arrest a deserter be relinquished. Bad enough is it to have a criminal get off in the East; in the far West

it is worse. He must gravitate to be a robber, a horse-thief, and a murderer. There is nothing to be done but to stop him in his career. Military law may be apparently hard, primitive, special, but is a necessity, and all good men in the service know that much.

Corporal Murray tells me that when the start was made, anything like "scouring the plains" was not thought of. There was no provision for a long journey—"no money, rations, or bedding." The occasional food the party had, when they got any, was picked up on the run at ranches. The corporal found out somehow or other that a pedestrian answering the description of the man had passed the day previous, heading for "No Man's Land," and it is supposable that when a man steers for "No Man's Land" he wants to be in "Nowheres." Then the little squad saddled up, and pushing on, skirted No Man's Land. They were sharp-set, these troopers, and so they pooled their scanty purses, and had just enough to buy, at "a boarding-house," a cup of milk and a piece of bread. It was bitter cold next day, but the horses had a feed, and the men something to eat. But the fellow they were after had left no trace. The only chance was that the deserter had made for some out-of-the-way railroad station, and so hoped to catch a train, and get clear by express. It would never do to give it up. A sulky was chartered, a bronco hitched up, and when nearing a ford of the Cimarron there were footprints on the sand. Pedestrians are not as common near fords in Indian Territory as on Broadway pavements. There was a "Wayside Inn," and here a government blanket bearing the initials of the escaped prisoner was found. The trace was red-hot now. Then it was discovered that the rascal had gone, too, into a buggy, and just as was expected was making for the railroad. It was necessary to be sharp now. If the deserter had friends about, what the corporal was to do next was to keep shady. He changed his horse—got a fresh one—and armed with a quirt, rode full tilt, never drawing bridle nor sparing his mount; and a bronco with a smart man on him is game. Getting to the station—Englewood—and procuring the assistance of a marshal, the two went to the depot, to find that the train had gone, the bird flown. It was 3 P.M., and at 5 the train would be at Spivvy, Kansas. The corporal at once telegraphed on to the Spivvy marshal, and the deserter was arrested, and brought back by a man sent on that duty. The deserter had to give up, because he was certain of ultimate capture. The party were now out of Indian Territory and in Kansas, and so the Justice of the Peace, *à la* Rudini, wanted to make an international matter out of it, and declined to give up the prisoner if he were to be taken out of the sacred realm of Kansas. "I warned the marshal to turn over the prisoner on arrival;" but at the same time the corporal, believing "possession to be nine-tenths of the law," did something else. To use his own discreet language, "At the same time I engaged a buggy to convey prisoner." And so that deserter was started under convoy, and was landed finally in Fort Supply, and it was a drear drive and ride through a long night, "the silence broken only by the howl of wolf and coyote." When the Nine Mile Hill was reached, and Fort Supply not far, then there was delight. "We had ridden over 150 miles in three days. The commanding officer commended the party very highly for their successful trip;" and certainly all hands deserved it.

I want to be modest. I cannot be expected to extol our own particular brigands. I do not take any special pride in their nationality. All I venture to remark is that as banditti the Corsican, Sicilian, Neapolitan, Albanian, Bedouin samples are of the opéra-comique variety, entirely wanting in that audacity and pluck peculiar to those special robbers who infest the extreme West. They are, or were, the choice flowers of murder, the pick-over of scoundrelry, of two entire continents. Comprehending that much, the character of the battle waged between a small party of United States soldiers and a very much larger one of robbers, the latter quite as well armed as the soldiers, and having all the advantages of choice of position, may now be presented.

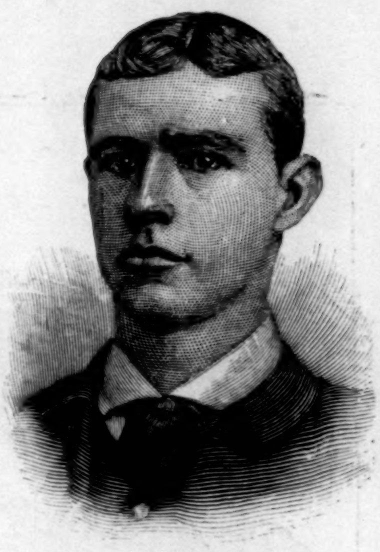
On May 11, 1889, Major Wham, paymaster of the United States army, left Fort Grant, Arizona, to pay off troops at certain other forts. He had $28,345 in the boot of an ambulance. Major Wham knew what he was about, and had with him an escort of two non-commissioned officers and nine privates —and that was two more than the usual number. All the soldiers were of the Twenty-fourth Infantry and Tenth Cavalry, and were colored men. Everything went pleasantly until, about twenty-six miles from Fort Grant, down the rugged road a peculiar obstruction was seen. It was an uncommonly large bowlder in the middle of the cañon. Had it rolled down the mountain-side of its own volition, or had somebody put it there? It had to be removed, no matter how it got there. There is nothing that ought to stop a paymaster. Off got the sergeant and the men, and began laboring with that big bowlder, when crack went a rifle from the rocks above, followed by a volley of shots; an enemy ensconced in a natural fortress was pumping lead on the soldiers. Then came a pretty fight—that is "pretty" in an Irish sense; but the Committee on Military Affairs, who sifted out the whole thing, state that Major Wham and his party "made a stubborn and efficient resistance." The men in blue showed no fear, and they rallied and stuck to their arms until eight of them were wounded. Major Wham and his escort did not seem to care about the risks they were running. The case of a paymaster with government funds in his keeping is a peculiar one. It carries with it great responsibilities. He must not lose the money, or the accounting for its disappearance is a state affair, rigidly examined. Major Wham rallied his men, and fought them to a stand-still; all were wounded excepting the officer and one man. The corporal, who was not touched, told how impossible it was to fight any more. "He did not think it plausible"; that was his testimony. At last Major Wham, with his wounded, had to retire behind some mesquite brush. The rascals kept up a desultory fire for about an hour afterward, sweeping the place of action. They understood their business. Then they got to the ambulance, broke open the treasure-box, and looted it. The money was lost, to the last penny, but not a shred of the honor of that plucky major and his gallant colored escort. When the ground was carefully looked over afterward by military experts it was seen that the robbers knew exactly what to do, and had arranged their plans long before. They could throw in a galling fire whenever they pleased. It was believed that there were from thirteen to twenty bandits, with all the advantages of a surprise. "The robber chief"—so testified an infantry officer —"had evidently foreseen that if the soldiers resisted they would retreat to the particular position which they did occupy, and he had therefore placed part of the outlaws to the right and rear of the rock to flank them." For that good fight with robbers, for gallant and meritorious conduct, medals of honor

JAMES SETTLERS, OF TROOP E, NINTH CAVALRY.

were given to Sergeant Benjamin Brown, Company C; Corporal Isaiah Mays, Company B; and certificates of merit to Privates George Arrington, Benjamin Burge, Julius Harrison, Hamilton Lewis, Squire Williams, James Young, Thornton Hams, and James Wheeler.

Here is the pleasant face of another colored man. It is Private James Settlers, of Troop E, Ninth Cavalry, and a soldierly like young man is he. The army roll of honor is brief about James Settlers, but tells the whole story. He was distinguished for special meritorious conduct, "saving, at the risk of his own life, his commanding officer from drowning while crossing the Wind River, Wyoming." Having, through correspondence relative to Private James Settlers, made at least an epistolary acquaintance with the officer who is indebted to his soldier for existence, Lieutenant-Colonel Burt's reply to me was properly brief, but it spoke volumes: "I have to say that as to Private James Settlers, it was my life he saved. I do not know how to give you a statement of the affair without dragging myself into it, which would appear more like how I was drowned than how gallant Private Settlers, my orderly was. Moreover, it has become one of my stock stories, and I don't know how I could write out of that groove. At best it doesn't work into much of an incident, except as far as it gives the lie to the popular belief that there is unkindly feeling between the enlisted man and his officers. . . . Men do no trisk their lives unhesitatingly for those who oppress them." Certainly Colonel Burt, of the Seventh Infantry, has the good of the service at heart, and true pride in his calling, and the liveliest interest in the welfare of those who, through his own brilliant services, he has been called on to command.

Private Ozias D. Hogue, of Troop K, First Cavalry, is an Indiana-born man, who left the service last year, at the expiration of his term of service. He did a handsome thing, and stands, as he deserves, among those who have earned distinction. It was the saving of life Private Hogue was after, and he showed such determination about it that he was drowning himself when rescued. In the Little Big Horn River, not far from Fort Custer, a dozen men of Troop K were swimming. Christ Ramuson, who could not swim a stroke, got into deep water, and his cries attracted Hogue; but before Hogue could reach Ramuson, the latter had disappeared. This is what Lieutenant Byram writes: "While Hogue was swimming around, awaiting for Ramuson to reappear, Hogue was seized by the legs by Ramuson and pulled under water." No one but he who has felt it knows what is the grip of a drowning man. "Hogue succeeded in freeing himself and catching his comrade by the hair, but was unable to hold him." But Hogue would not give it up. He sought under the water again for the drowning man, and then there was another terrible struggle, in which Hogue was within an ace of his death from sheer exhaustion. Fortunately the lads on shore had their wits about them, and so they joined hands and formed a line, and so, utterly used up, having done his very best, Hogue himself was rescued; but, after all, Ramuson was drowned. Though Ramuson's life was not saved, it was not for want of the help which Hogue gave. As to the gallant man himself, the trial he had gone through was so severe that he spent many days in the hospital. It was for his pluck, grit, his humanity, that Hogue's name is inscribed on the roll of honor.



OZIAS D. HOGUE, OF TROOP K, FIRST CAVALRY.

Sergeant Carl Rieck, of Troop A, Third Cavalry, is Prussian-born, and that is a good reason for his being a capital soldier. He enlisted in 1888, and it was hard for him to speak English; but, as his commanding officer says, being a man "of superior intelligence and energy and great ambition, he soon learned the duties of the American soldier, which may not be quite so exacting as in the German service, but require a much higher order of intelligence and individuality in the enlisted man."

Recruit Rieck was quietly seated in a chair, while being shaved by the troop barber, when he heard the silence of the camp disturbed by two shots. Whether his face was lathered or not is not known, but he took in the situation at once. A desperate prisoner, held in confinement for burglary, had taken the opportunity to escape; in fact, there were two jail-birds on the wing. "Rieck, though a recruit, and not a member of the guard, saw there must be no delay, or the fleeing prisoners would reach the Mil-road bridge, and then a few bounds more would land them within the lines of New Mexico, and the chief rascal would be safe. Rieck showed himself a sprinter of the first water. Being a man of great physical strength and endurance, after a hard race he caught his man, and handed him over to the sentinel. Last year something similar happened. A general prisoner, known to be the hardest kind of a man to tackle, was in the guard-house, and Rieck saw him working his way through a window, the iron bar of which had been removed. Though not a member of the guard, Rieck no more hesitated than he had done before. Here was a wicked fellow, confined for good reason, who was breaking bounds. It was a question if the escaped might not reach the lines of New Mexico. This was a fair three-quarter race, with the culprit in the lead—a big start, in fact. Rieck neared him, both men on the full run. Within a few yards of the line a desperate fight took place, but Rieck's superior strength and coolness got the better of the desperado, and he returned his man to prison. Both cases were evidences on the part of Rieck of the most absolute devotion to duty, and hence, on the recommendation of his commander, his name is found as distinguished for meritorious conduct."

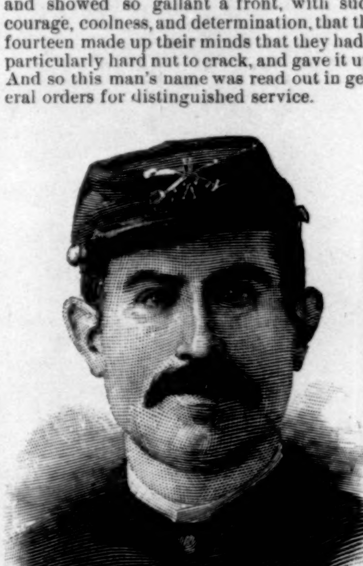
In the rank and file, as often as not, there are men who have special talents, and officers are only too glad to give such soldiers special opportunities to distinguish themselves. There is Private Gustave Kipper, of the artillery. He showed that he was a good theoretical and practical electrician. He devised and set up an electrical apparatus for the artillery school, and invented a circuit-breaker for use in ballistic firing, and it did the work capitally, and so Kipper is mentioned, as he deserved, for specially meritorious acts or conduct in service. Pray remember that one William Herschel, one of England's glories, began life as a German soldier in a military band.

It is not amusing to get lost in the mountain passes of Utah, for the chances are many that you will keep lost. Two officers went astray under such conditions, and it was a toss-up whether they would not have left their bones on a bleak mountain-side. First Sergeant Frederick Stearns and Corporal James McAney (McAney sounds Irish and whole-souled) made up their minds that these officers must be found, and so they went for them, and they stuck to the trail, and kept to it, and they suffered from hunger and thirst, and walked the feet off of themselves, and it looked as if there would be altogether four men for the coyotes instead of two. When the two soldiers could scarce crawl, what did they do but light on their lost ones, and brought them back to camp; and one wonders if under such circumstances there is not a little relaxing of military formalities, and whether stern men do not get quite "broke up," and become soft-hearted, emotional, impulsive, as are young women. Well, soldiers must be reticent. All I have to say is that Stearns and McAney have honorable mention; and who would gainsay their merits?

It is no pleasant thing for four men, with their two officers, to be put in a boat and have to thread an unknown river under such conditions as to have nothing to eat, yet plenty to drink—that is, river water. You can understand that no rations worth the mentioning for twenty-four hours is discomforting, more especially when it is accompanied by hard work—such as of tracking the boat and getting wet. It is an ugly job to stand hunger for forty-eight hours; but here were these six in a boat, descending the rapids of Green River, with the best chances of being drowned—for, with its many shoals and its swift reaches, it is a wild, ugly stream —and all that without any food to speak of, not enough to put on your thumb-nail, much less than to grease it. And that kind of pinching famine kept up for nine days right straight along; and those four men—Sergeant Harry E. Beaver, Corporal William Wallace, Robert Wilson, and John Vorges—took it all in a pleasant and cheerful manner, and showed extreme courage, endurance, and skill, and so you may find their names mentioned for meritorious conduct in general orders.

It is a gallant thing to save one life, but here is Sergeant Thomas Henry, who did the business in a wholesale way, for he rescued from drowning four men near Fort Pickens, in Florida. That action, besides bringing about the mention of his name, ought to make Sergeant Henry worthy of the medal.

Last, and by no means least, there is the pluck displayed by Private Dennis F. Fox, of the Fifth Cavalry. When Oklahoma was the promised land, numberless hard people swarmed there, and there was a general grab for all the desirable ground. Private Fox was instructed by his officer to keep watch and ward over a certain line of territory quite a distance from headquarters, and to warn off intruders. "What! one soldier, and we are fourteen?" howled a mob of land-grabbers. "We will make short work of him. Now see that soger scuttle!" And thereupon the crowd bade Fox surrender and clear out, and being armed with rifles, levelled their arms at the single man, and threatened to let daylight into him. But Fox just stood to his post, and did not "skeer worth a cent," and conscious of his duties, and in obedience to orders, told them that he was put there to hold the place, and that he was going to die right there. The gang wanted him to give up his arms, but his reply was, "Never!" So Fox held the post, and showed so gallant a front, with such courage, coolness, and determination, that the fourteen made up their minds that they had a particularly hard nut to crack, and gave it up. And so this man's name was read out in general orders for distinguished service.

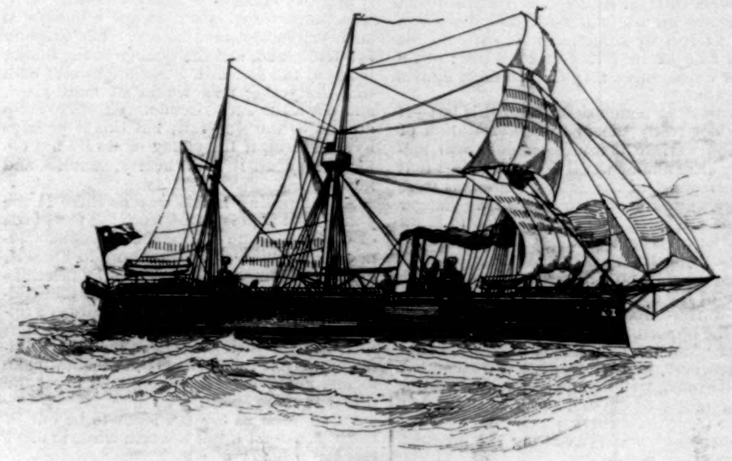


CARL RIECK, OF TROOP A, THIRD CAVALRY.

ON THE ROLL OF HONOR.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 518.]

1. Sergeant Rieck and the Deserter. 2. Private Fox and the Oklahoma Boomers. 3. Corporal Tobin and two Comrades rescuing a Boy from drowning. 4. The Attack on Major Wham's Escort.

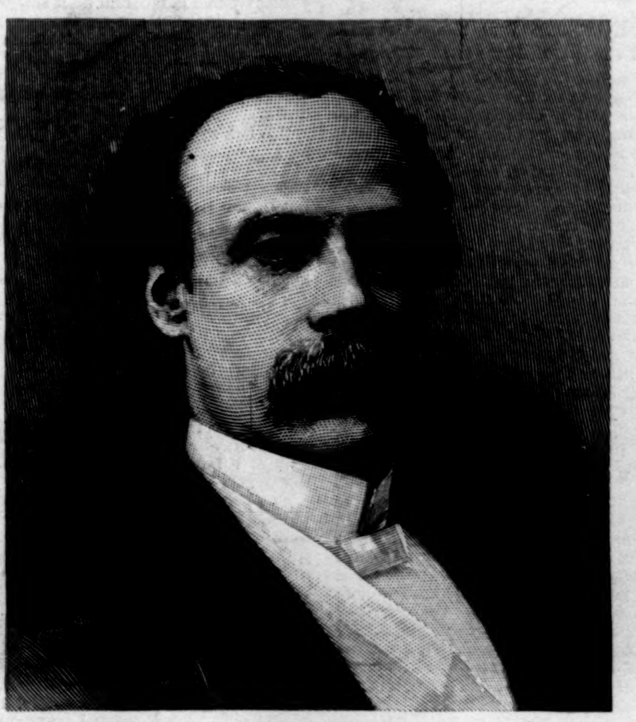
CAPTAIN ALBERTO FUENTES, COMMANDER OF THE "ALMIRANTE LYNCH."



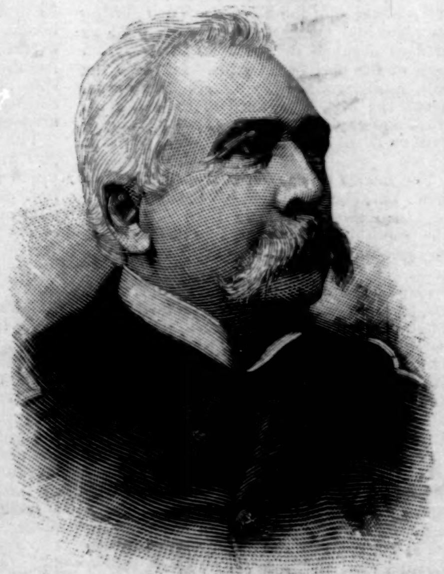
THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."

CAPTAIN CARLOS MORAGA, COMMANDER OF THE "ALMIRANTE CONDELL."

VICE-ADMIRAL VIEL, INTENDENTE OF VALPARAISO.



EX-PRESIDENT BALMACEDA.

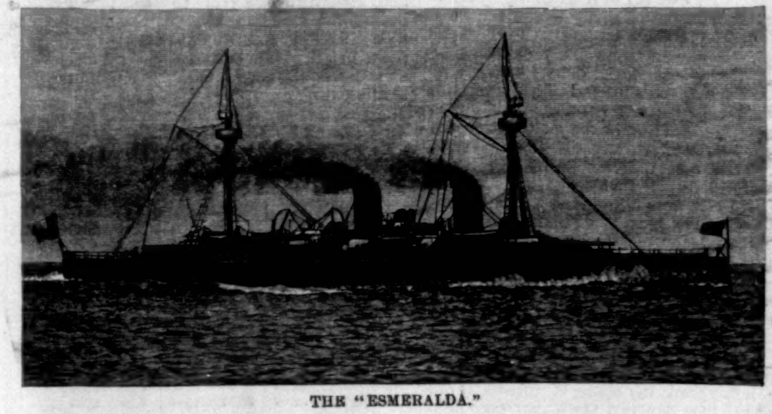


GENERAL VALASQUEZ, GOVERNMENT MILITARY LEADER.

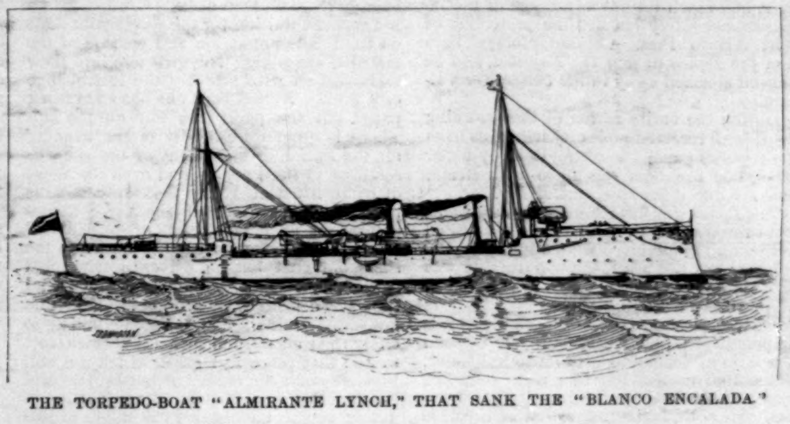
COMMANDER LOUIS GOÑI, OF THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."

COLONEL CANTO, MILITARY LEADER OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

ADMIRAL GEORGE MONTT, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SQUADRON.



THE "ESMERALDA."



THE TORPEDO-BOAT "ALMIRANTE LYNCH," THAT SANK THE "BLANCO ENCALADA."

THE REBELLION IN CHILI.—[See Page 515.]

THE UPRISING IN CHILI.

(*Continued from page 515.*)

at Valparaiso these had been left on shore; but every night he had had picket boats out and search-lights going. He was experienced to a greater degree than the others in practical torpedo warfare, having received his lessons in the war with Peru. And yet in an unfortunate moment he suffered his brother commanders to ridicule him into a relaxation of what they called his excessive and unnecessary night-watch.

At Caldera, on the night of the attack, there was a banquet on shore, at which was present nearly every officer of the *Blanco* and *Bio-Bio*, the only two vessels in port that night. Fortunately Captain Goñi remained on board his vessel, but there was neither a picket boat nor a search-light at work.

At about 4 A.M., April 23d, the two torpedo cruisers, coming from Cabeza de Vaca, and leaving the *Imperial* outside, stood quietly into Port Caldera, closely hugging the northern shore. The night was moonlit, but hazy and somewhat obscure along the coast.

Moraga, distinguishing the *Blanco* about midway between Point Caleta and the railway pier, with the *Bio-Bio* on her port quarter, took the lead. Following the shore line, he ran without discovery to within 100 metres of the *Blanco's* starboard quarter. From this position he fired his stem torpedo, which passed astern of the *Blanco* and just ahead of the *Bio-Bio*. Then porting his helm and going ahead at full speed, he fired, at a range of about 60 metres, from each of the port Canet guns. Of these, the first, as determined by divers afterwards, struck the *Blanco* forward of the starboard beam and exploded; the last, passing ahead, went on to the shore, where it was afterwards found.

The *Blanco* was taken completely by surprise; but, once alarmed, the behavior of all on board seems to have been admirable. The rapid-fire guns were manned, and the engineer's force went at once to their stations.

The *Lynch* in the mean time had made a less wide detour, and having crossed undetected the track of the *Condell*, discharged her stern torpedo, at a distance of 50 metres. Owing to some failure of the mechanism, this torpedo sank at once upon leaving the tube. Fuentes then in turn ported his helm, and successfully launched his port bow torpedo, which gave the fatal blow.

The *Blanco* heeled over and sank in six fathoms of water, in a time variously estimated at from five to seven minutes from the beginning of the attack, and within two minutes from the discharge of the last torpedo. Out of her complement of 285 souls, Captain Goñi and forty-four others alone were saved, by swimming on shore. The entire engineer force were lost. In passing the fire of the *Blanco*, which was very hot for a moment, both the *Condell* and *Lynch* escaped unhurt.

The cruisers continued their course to the entrance of the harbor; then, under fire of Fort Arturo Prat, returned to ascertain the amount of damage they had inflicted. Upon nearing the wreck, what seemed to be five masts appeared above the water, which led to the error in Moraga's first report that he had sunk two vessels, the *Blanco* and what he believed to be the *Huascar*.

Again leaving the harbor, the cruisers started down the coast, and encountered the rebel transport *Aconcagua* off the Caldereta Peninsula at about 7 A.M. On perceiving them, the transport starboarded her helm as if to run to the southward, but almost directly changed her tactics, and headed for the shelter of Caldera. At all events, she held to a northerly course during the engagement that followed.

The *Condell* manœuvred for a position on the *Aconcagua's* port quarter, while the *Lynch* passed her to starboard, crossed her stern, and again engaged her at close quarters in the position marked D on the chart.

By that time a vessel, presumed by the cruisers to be the *Esmeralda*, appeared on the northern horizon, steering a course which would have hemmed them in the bight between Zorro Point and Point Caldera.

Not wishing to engage the *Esmeralda*, the cruisers ran to the westward, until discovering that the stranger had but one mast, and recognizing in her the British man-of-war *Warspite*, they turned to continue their attack on the transport. The *Aconcagua*, however, had taken instant advantage of the incident, and safely reached the protection of Fort Arturo Prat. Captain Moraga then sent the *Lynch* to join the *Imperial*, and he himself steamed away in the *Condell* for Valparaiso.

During the entire action of that morning the *Condell* received no injury whatever from the enemy's guns; but owing to leaky boiler tubes, one fire-room was filled with steam, which reduced her speed materially.

The *Lynch* was less fortunate. Two shells went through her cabin and three penetrated her bows. Several men were wounded. Major Pacheco lost a leg, Captain Infante was shot through the stomach, and the torpedoist Hellec had a hand torn away.

Of the losses on board the *Aconcagua* it is impossible to speak with accuracy. Captain Jarpa, in his official report to Admiral Montt, states that he had but four men wounded, and that but seven projectiles struck his vessel. He adds, furthermore, that he fired 190 rapid shots, seven 13's, and many Hotchkiss. It is also impossible to give as yet absolute information as to the effect of the torpedoes on the *Blanco Encalada*. From the reports of divers thus far received, it is learned that amidships on the starboard side there is a hole 24 feet by 4 feet, and forward on the same side another 19 feet by 8 feet; but a closer examination may change these figures somewhat.

In drawing conclusions from this last—if it be not really the first—demonstration of torpedo warfare, many discussions will naturally arise among naval men. The fact that the personnel of the *Blanco Encalada* were wholly unaware of their impending danger will be used as a basis upon which to build many an argument by those who depreciate the torpedo-boat. Against them will be ranged others who will assert that a surprise is one of the essential elements entering into such warfare, and that to the watchful and alert the opportunity comes.

All arguments founded on this action cannot, however, wander from this truth—that a well-armed, well-manned ironclad, costing over a million of dollars, has been destroyed by two torpedo-catchers, which even now are in the enemy's waters awaiting the moment to strike once more.

THE PEOPLE'S FOUR-IN-HAND.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

THE coach of the people runs the length of Fifth Avenue to the Marble Arch, by the fine homes, the stately churches, and under the overarching elms that border the Park. It has three horses abreast, and carries the same sort of human nature, but in greater and consequently more interesting variety, as its aristocratic kinsman the four-in-hand.

The man who carries his dinner in a tin pail will go out of his way to swing his legs up to the seat behind the driver. It is he that catches the cream of the morning, the odor of the syringas, and the white branches of the privet in the Park, while the dew is yet on, and the fragrant exhalations of the trees and grass yet unclogged by the day's dust. Further down-town they see the entertaining spectacle of a great city rubbing open its eyes and making its morning toilet.

At half past seven the "Jumbo stages," as, in the language of the stable, they are called, start out. They have not thus formulated their intention, but what they do is to give the girls who are going to stand all day in the nervous heated atmosphere of the shops a beautiful morning drive. The girls flutter up the stage steps and fill the seats. Nor is a fresh-looking young clerk amiss among them. They are in the same shop, or they know one another from frequent meetings, and the conversation is as lively, and the sense of motion and good company as much enjoyed, as it might be on the top of a coach in a coaching parade.

At half past two the large stages start out again for their afternoon trips. The school-girls are waiting for them on corners down-town, and now a covey of boarding-school girls trip up the steps. They are all in blue, polka-dotted, silk-shirted, set off with trim and manly coats and four-in-hand ties; they are crowned with blue head-pieces, blue ribbons lift up like antennæ, and blue veils flutter in the wind. But from the sidewalk all these details vanish, and the battle-worn business men walking up the Avenue look up with a new light in their eyes, as they might at the passing of a flock of bluebirds or gauzy blue butterflies over the noisy, stony street.

But Fifth Avenue sees no prettier sight than the children returning from Central Park. After the fashion of the day, they wear broad flapping hats, covered with flowers, so that the top of the stage looks like an animated flower bed, with the little boys as flowerless stalks, and an occasional duenna as a protecting stick for some little weak plant to lean against. Down Murray Hill, swaying from side to side, the stage comes, the flowers nodding and moving as if blown by passing winds. Later, the stages carry back the returning shoppers and the sight-seers, who find in the stages' height and leisurely swing a vantage-ground for seeing Fifth Avenue which the mercenary hackman, who always goes fast at the wrong place, does not give.

At six o'clock the iron shutters of the big shops are rolled down, and the back doors open to let loose their hosts. Groups halt on the corners, waiting for the stages with seats on top. The animation and sparkle of the morning are gone. The girls slip into their seats, and sit with scarcely the interchange of a word. Almost each one has an evening paper, but the paper lies idly on the lap. There is quiet refreshment in the evening air, the swinging movement of the stage is soothing to tired nerves, and even the sense of being lifted above the foot-sore streets is restful. After nightfall the three horses abreast are no longer beasts of burden and the driver a common carrier; he wears the same old coat, but he drives a triumphal chariot, laden with youth, hope, love, and things as dear to older people, but which do not sound so fine. Solitary men climb up to enjoy their cigars, and men and women, too, to find that peace and quiet which are still possible amid the clatter of horses' feet and the laughter and chatter of the parties of young people that crowd the stages at this hour.

They are very young; they pair off like turtle-doves, two by two; but the communion is general, and their confidences are open if any one chooses to listen to them. It is sometimes worth while to get a chance at such unaffected good nature. The laughter is a trifle loud, and the quality of the humor is not of the first sort. One might also wish that the young men would sit more erect, and not make such strenuous efforts to clasp around to the side rail; but this is perhaps hypercritical, if the young ladies do not object. At least it is all hearty, genuine, and human.

As interesting in his way as these is the young man who is in town buying wet goods or dry-goods, and whose social instincts announce themselves by humming to himself, clucking at the horses, and then by facetious remarks to the conductor, but really intended for two responsive-looking milliner's apprentices near by. They show a conscious interest over their shoulders, and laugh immoderately at inoffensive remarks they make to one another. The young man urges the driver to more speed.

"I suppose, as the 400 seem to be out of town, you don't think it worth while to drive fast for ordinary people."

The driver is quite out of ear-shot, but the young women laugh, and he is satisfied. He continues to comment on the evening and the incidents in passing, now with a note of interrogation in his voice, and the nearest young woman thinks it polite to answer. The stage stops, and two silent women climb down.

"What, are you going to quit us?" he asks, good-naturedly.

The two women stalk on without answering. It would be impertinent in a city man, but in the freedom and friendliness of this young man, who has evidently mounted the stage for society and means to have it, there is too much naïveté to give offence, if he need not be encouraged.

Two men enter into the women's places. One points out the churches, the clubs, and the distinguished private houses of the rich. In the face of these the marble spires of the Cathedral, never so impressive as now, are unseen by them; the other man listens attentively, then speaks:

"If I was Corneel Vanderbilt I'd have the biggest race-track in the world, and I'd never look at a horse. I'd just sit in a box and sell tickets to the grand stand."

From which it seemed that he had spent the afternoon at Sheepshead Bay, and was impressed with its value as a business. A frail-looking man draws back and gazes sorrowfully at the sky, and two stolid youths sit silently, and seem to feel in a dumb sort of way the enjoyment of the hour and the romantic beauty of the night. There is no moon, the light clouds in the sky have a glow of fire in them from the city's lights, but the electric light on the way is fitful.

"Fare, please?" The conductor taps the shoulder of an expatriated countrywoman, who has just come over on a visit. Her pocket-book is filled with English and French coins, which she fingers despairingly in the darkness. Men rally to her with matches that go out in spite of the defences they make with their hands. "Mon Dieu! that conductor makes me nervous; drive him away," she implores. The patient conductor tries to efface himself. Somebody suggests getting a bill changed. She dives into the remote regions of her pocket, and brings forth a wad of brown paper. More matches are scratched, and in their brief flash a half-dozen eyes try to read their denominations. The woman, in anguish, seizes a five-dollar bill and hands it to the conductor, who now, with almost tears in his eyes, implores her for something smaller. The re-enforcements return with matches and hands, and an eagle eye discerns the familiar back of a dollar bill, which it extracts and gives to the conductor. The woman wraps up her wealth in the brown again, and restores it to its secluded place, and everybody sinks back relieved but exhausted.

Occasionally a dejected-looking couple from the side streets uptown halt the stage. Their sophisticated clothes show that it is not because they have no parlors of their own, like the denizens of far uptown and the region below Madison Square who keep company on the top of the stage. They may even have a drawing-room, but they are too rich in brothers and sisters or are overburdened with relatives, so they compromise with what they feel they owe to conventionality by seeking solitude in the publicity which can only be found combined on the Fifth Avenue stages. It was an admirable provision that arranged the seats to hold barely two, and placed them in rows instead of imitating the arrangement of a Paris tram. Isolation is further provided for in the clatter over the stones, which effectually drowns conversation, yet is not sufficient to overcome the faintest well-directed whisper.

Where else could happiness, companionship, and that *solitude à deux* that lovers prize, be procured for one hour and thirty-two minutes—the time it takes to make a round trip—at so modest a cost? Or, if in a reckless mood, for forty cents—the price of four trips up and down—this bliss may be prolonged for three hours and four minutes. But after half past ten the last lingering couple must prepare to be set down. Then the horses turn homeward, the stage is turned in to await the new day, and the driver goes nodding off home satisfied, as he ought to be as whip of the coach of the people.

AMATEUR SPORT

FOR THE PRESENT an expectant world must still breathlessly await the coming of the Boston 46-footers, save only *Sayonara*, which is here, and has had a race or two; neither *Barbara*, *Oweene*, nor *Alborak* has yet put in an appearance. By-the-way, in the Eastern N. Y. C.'s sweepstakes races, on the 19th instant, not one of last year's boats in this class (*Alga*, *Milicete*, and *Thelma*) seized the opportunity to win a race in the absence of their presumably fleeter and certainly younger competitors. The past week has kept yachtsmen busy figuring on the prospects of the 46-footers. It has been a week of surprises, but filled with good sport nevertheless. *Gloriana* has been lying off Newport in the mean time awaiting developments. In Eastern waters *Beatrix* has been beaten by *Gossoon*, and *Oweene* has, as predicted in these columns, beaten *Alborak*. But these races amounted to little. A curious fact may be noted—both *Alborak* and *Oweene* (with their "high-powered" conditions) came to the line for their first race, and each smashed something before they could start, while *Beatrix* and *Gossoon* found no difficulty in going over the course. There seems a moral somewhere in all this "smashing things" by the "immoderate" boats. *Beatrix*, of course, is the better able to carry her canvas from the extra width afforded by her c.-b. model, and the opportunity thereby given to stay her mast at a better angle.

A RACE, BY-THE-WAY, should be arranged and inducements held out whereby these older boats may be brought into the competition, that some comparison may be had and some knowledge of the actual practical gain—to compensate for trouble, ingenuity, and money expended in developing the class—arrived at. It is certainly matter for consideration that the ten new 46's represent to-day an expenditure of probably $150,000, and the query which remains still to be solved is as to the actual gain. If *Gloriana* develops as she has begun, something has undoubtedly been learned and an advance made. If, on the other hand, her present success is merely ephemeral, it is more than doubtful if progress to-day be not in a wrong direction.

IN OUR OWN WATERS the contests between the new boats of the 46-foot class have been highly instructive. In the Seawanhaka-Corinthian races off Oyster Bay, in a light breeze on the 2nd, *Mineola* won from *Sayonara*, showing how greatly different conditions affect results. The Sound is very different in winds and waters from any of the other prominent racing-grounds, and it is doubtful if conditions there existent would tend to produce a desirable class of boats. In this same race *Jessica* was only 31 seconds behind *Mineola*. On this day also the 25-rater *Nameless* at last won from *Smuggler*, which has beaten her several times, by 2 minutes 19 seconds. On Saturday, at the Larchmont Club Handicap Regatta, in a stiff breeze, the tables were turned. *Jessica* beat *Sayonara* 10 minutes 10 seconds; *Nautilus*, 10 minutes 57 seconds; *Mineola* beat *Sayonara* 29 seconds; and *Nautilus*, 1 minute 16 seconds. *Sayonara* beat *Nautilus* 47 seconds, *Smuggler* beat *Nameless* 4 minutes 59 seconds, both on even terms. In the 46-foot class *Sayonara* allowed *Mineola* 30 seconds, *Nautilus* 5 minutes 30 seconds, and *Jessica* 8 minutes. While we are on the press (Monday) these boats are racing for the American Yacht Club's special $250 cup. In the light of recent events the winner is decidedly an unknown quantity.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF 40-FOOTERS from off the face of the earth, so far as racing is concerned, is remarkable, and the history of the class merits attention. They began with *Pappoose* (36 feet l.w.l.); *Banshee*, *Nymph*, *Xara*, and *Baboon* followed rapidly—all these by Burgess; and then *Gorilla*, by Cary-Smith; *Liris*, by Gardner; *Helen* and *Alice*, by McVey; *Awa*, *Lotawana*, *Mariquita*, *Chiquita*, *Choctaw*, *Chispa*, *Tomahawk*, *Verena*, *Ventura*, and *Moccasin*, all by Burgess, rounded out the class. They would have afforded probably many races, and have established a permanent class for many years to come, had it not been for a moderate boat with a moderate plan sail (*Minerva*), which so utterly defeated them in all weathers and under all circumstances that the class became thereupon practically extinct.

"GOSSOON," MR. BURGESS'S LATEST EFFORT, was produced to beat *Minerva*. She sailed last season (unless I am in error) ten races with *Minerva*, of which each won five. Of lighter construction than and strong resemblance to *Minerva*, she is to-day probably somewhat the better boat. The following table of principal dimensions indicates *Gossoon's* departure from the ideas which dominated the class, and her successful approach to *Minerva*:

Name.	L.O.A.	L.W.L.	Beam.	Draught.	S.A.
Mariquita..	51.15	39.95	13.75	9.00	3262 feet.
Liris........	55.50	39.70	13.10	9.85	3603 "
Averages...	53.325	39.875	13.425	9.425	3432 "
Gossoon ...	53.00	39.85	12.00	9.00	3154 "
Minerva....	54.00	39.87	10.05	9.00	2635 "

In other words, *Gossoon's* dimensions are approximately midway between the two

types, though these figures do not show the marked resemblance of design, and in gear and rigging. The question may arise, however, why was it that after this unexampled activity in one racing class, that class should have been so instantly and wholly abandoned *as* a racing class? Ordinarily one would expect that, *Minerva* having killed the racing in the class until *Gossoon* indicated in what direction improvement should be made in order to successfully contend with her, the then twenty odd boats constituting the class would be relegated to the uses of cruising, and a half-dozen boats be constructed as racers, varying in dimension and model all the way between *Gossoon* and *Minerva*, and that the contests in the class would have been keener than ever. But nothing of the kind occurred. So far as known, not a single 40 was constructed last winter; and except for the Corinthian race on the 22d, which brought out *Liris* and *Mariquita* to sail against *Jessica*, not a single race for this class has filled this season.

THE REASON FOR THIS state of affairs may possibly be found in the suggestions contained in a letter I recall to the *Spirit of the Times* of June 28, 1890, which, now that a year has demonstrated the accuracy of the views then advanced, is not uninstructive reading. The writer says:

"This 40 class of the past three years has been our great educational class. We have never had so many boats built for racing, all practically of a size, competing together, under varying conditions of wind and weather, over different courses along our coasts before. Certainly everything should be done to keep the class up for a year or two for the sake of its educational influence, although it is to be regretted that the class should be of just the particular size which it is, for a 40 is really neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. It is too small for accommodation, and too large to be cheaply handled.

Take, for instance, a little boat, *Yama*, which has just been finished by Wintringham on some lines of Fife, Jun.'s, and which I regret extremely is to go to the Lakes instead of staying here. She is built up to the "corrected racing length"—30 to 40 class—being 36 feet on the water-line, while her square root of sail area is 44, say sail area 1936 feet. She has as much accommodation as a 40—that is, she has a little stateroom, or ladies' cabin, with two bunks and a wash-basin aft; a main cabin (6 feet by 9 feet), with a bunk on either side; a dressing-room and a pantry, the passageway forward being between and leading to the galley and forecastle (which has room for three men); and a roomy sail locker aft. No 40 has more than this, though they have perhaps a couple of feet more in the forecastle—of length. She can be managed, with her small rig, by a limited crew, and in all probability would make a decided spectacle of even fleet *Kathleen* (who would be her competitor in these waters on any classification by corrected length), as *Kathleen* figures out in the 30 to 40 class (c. l.).

Now when you consider that in a 40 (even *Minerva*) for racing purposes you cannot get along with a crew of less than six all told, including helmsman, while eight is by no means too many; that for *Liris*, the extreme boat of the class, you need from nine to eleven men to handle her in a race (she carries, in fact, usually about twelve); and that, for all practical purposes, neither *Minerva* nor *Liris* has any advantage in accommodation over the new boat that I speak of above—it seems as though from one point of view the 40's were too large.

"On the other hand, take a boat somewhat larger than the 40's, say, for instance, one that would figure out at or near the head of the 50 to 60 foot (corrected length) class, and you can handle her with the same number of men as a modern 40; your accommodation is vastly increased; she is big enough to go anywhere in with comfort. Therefore it would seem that the 40's are not a very desirable class. Indeed, it is probable that after a year or so they will cease to exist, their owners promoting themselves (yachtsmen always tend toward larger boats) to the class above, and the new-comers in the yachting field preferring the class below. An indication in this direction, you will notice, is that the class below (while unfortunately we have nothing but *Shona* here to sail against *Kathleen*) is receiving more attention in Boston, *Hawk* and *Saladin* coming to the re-enforcement of *Saracen* this year."

IN THE SAME LETTER *Uvira* (which sailed her first race in these waters, as above noted, in the C. Y. C. race of the 22d) is referred to, and in view of the complete way in which this boat disposed of *Mariquita* and *Liris* in that race, the predictions of the writer concerning her are interesting. He speaks of

"the arrival at Halifax a day or two since of *Uvira*, eighteen days out from Southampton. She is the new Fife Jun. boat, 42 feet on the water-line, and with her small sail area would figure very easily into the Larchmont 47 to 54 foot c. l. class; and there is very little doubt, I fancy, but that if Mr. Frazer, of Halifax, her owner, should be inclined to send her down here to compete at Larchmont, the owners of the 40's would find their boats useless lumber on their hands so far as racing purposes at Larchmont are concerned. With two feet of extra water-line, she has a possibility of the figure 66 for the square root of her sail area in order to come within the 54-foot corrected length class. That is, she could have a sail area of 4356 feet!!! As *Minerva* has only 2700 square feet sail area, and even *Clara* has a square root of considerably less than 66 (57, unless I am in error), it is apparent that *Uvira* need not exhaust her entire permissible capacity in the line of sail area in order to afford her all the motive power which she is capable of utilizing to advantage, so that she would not be obliged to give the present top of the Larchmont class, *Liris*, which figures out, say, an even 50 feet c. l., so much time but that she could save it off her."

As a matter of fact, *Uvira* figures out *smaller than Liris*. Here, then, is to be found reason "enough and to spare" why the 40's should have disappeared. The question now is, are the present 46's much better? It is doubtful.

THE COLUMBIA, YALE, AND HARVARD Freshman race at New London, June 24th, was a good illustration of what grit can do for a crew. Before the race it was generally conceded that Harvard would win, but if ever a crew showed a lamentable lack of pluck and head-work, it was this same Harvard Freshman eight. At the start their shell jumped to the front, and soon had a slight lead, but only for an instant. Their plucky Columbia rivals, in spite of the fact that they were catching "crabs," soon passed them, and had the race well in hand. Yale, not to be outdone, followed, leaving Harvard well in the rear. To make matters worse, Harvard's coxswain took his crew well over to the Groton side of the course, and kept it there, crossing the line in 9.56. Harvard kept her stroke at 38 and 40, while Columbia and Yale were pulling away at a 44 clip.

Of the Columbia crew I have only words of praise; the steady way in which they kept at their work, in the face of accidents, which would have appalled any ordinary set of boys, drew out the highest admiration. They crossed the line in 9.41, breaking the old record $9.43\frac{1}{2}$. Yale, time $9.53\frac{1}{2}$, was outclassed in speed, but so far as skill in rowing was concerned the two crews were about evenly matched. The old record of $9.43\frac{1}{2}$ was made by Columbia in '84; the same year Harvard's was 8.54. In '90 Yale's time was 11.25, Columbia's 11.29, and Cornell's $11.16\frac{1}{4}$. In the Cornell-Columbia Freshman race this year—June 20th—the time of the former was 10.32, and the latter, 10.50.

THE THREE-CORNERED RACE on June 25th, between Cornell, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania 'varsity crews, was notable chiefly for the ease with which Cornell, notwithstanding her course lay over the eel-grass, won, and the pluck that characterized Columbia. Pennsylvania pulled strong, but the pace set by the leaders was too hot, and, starting at 40 to the minute, the stroke was gradually dropped to 36. She had the best water, and at the start jumped away, leading Cornell a length at the half-mile flag. For a time Cornell and Columbia were rowing on even terms, but the moment the former got out of the eel-grass they went ahead easily, and at the two-mile flag was leading Pennsylvania two lengths, while Columbia was about four behind the Quakers. Cornell's coxswain steered beautifully, more than can be said for Pennsylvania's, and the crew crossed the line a winner by four lengths, in the world's record time of 14 minutes 27 seconds; Pennsylvania, 14.45; Columbia, $15.05\frac{1}{2}$. The previous record for this distance was 14.43, made by Cornell in '90, which lowered the previous record 42 seconds. Cornell also holds the record for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles—6.40, made at Philadelphia, July 5, '89. Cornell and Pennsylvania rowed well and strong throughout, the latter finishing almost too strong for a defeated crew. If Columbia had had strength equal to her pluck, she would not have been last.

IT IS RATHER A GOOD JOKE on Yale that the very year when the negotiations their boating management has been pushing since 1888 seemed most likely to result in a meeting between the Yale and Oxford crews, should be the one in which, after five successive defeats, Harvard should take from them the boating honors. That what practically amounted to a challenge had been sent, there is every reason to believe, and also that the majority of the Yale crew knew nothing of it. The letter which the president of the Yale Navy sent to the Oxford Boat Club expressed the desire to test by a race the question as to how far the stroke copied by Mr. Cook from the English had deviated from the original, and whether the deviation had improved it.

IF ONE MAY JUDGE from the cable received from the Oxford Club, we are much nearer an international boat-race than we have been since the Harvard crew went over in the sixties. The lack of formal consideration of the matter may prevent the Harvard crew from accepting the implied invitation to take the place of Yale this year, but should they again prove victorious next year, they would have had ample time to consider the probability of such a race. As to sending the Harvard crew this year, there would be all the support desired forth-coming immediately if they would consent to go. I am emphatically of the opinion that it is about time England sent a crew over here. We have already sent several abroad, and in return but one has come to our shores. England don't seem to pine for competition with us nowadays. When we were just learning polo and cricket she sent over a team which had a very pleasant playful time with our novices. Now that we have become formidable in both games, there appears no care on the other side of the water for international contests. They tried for a long time to capture the *America's* Cup, but repeated failure seems to have dampened British ardor in even that direction. Our rifle teams, our athletes, our cricketers, have gone abroad and won honors; isn't it about time we remained at home and did some international fighting?

THE EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING for Doubles, held last week on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket and Base-ball Club, cannot be set down as a complete failure, but it was so nearly deserving of the name that the National Association evidently must adopt radical measures in order to avert such a sad fate for this important event in future years. Think of it! Only five pairs entered in a tournament for the championship of the East! At Newport some five years ago it was not uncommon for fifteen or twenty teams to struggle for supremacy, but since that time the number has been gradually decreasing, notwithstanding the constantly increasing number of skilful players. I have heard many suggestions for the future advanced by leading players, some of them feasible, and some not. Any plan which involves a return of the doubles to Newport would undoubtedly result in failure, for many a good player is unable to endure the strain of the matches in singles alone, and would probably refuse to enter the doubles if held the same week; while if another week should be chosen, many of the contestants would be unable to remain so long in an expensive place; and still more important, I think, the Newport people would have too much tennis, and cease to be so enthusiastic.

THE SCHEME WHICH, in my opinion, should most commend itself to the members of the Association is one proposed by Mr. Clark, the chief officer of that body. Mr. Clark suggests a combination of the Eastern Championship Meeting for men's doubles, and the National Championship for women. The latter event was this year more successful than ever before, attracting larger crowds, and exciting general interest among Philadelphia people. The location of this combination tournament would, of course, have some bearing upon its success or failure, and that question would have to be carefully considered. At first blush, Philadelphia would seem to be the proper place, for entries from the South could easily be attracted to that city. Still another suggestion worth considering is that a championship for ladies' and gentlemen's pairs should be added to the programme. This event has in late years been included in the list of English championships, and is said to be very successful.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE LACK of quantity, the quality of the pairs entered was good enough to save last week's tournament from utter failure. Counting out Campbell and Huntington, who were easy winners, the remaining pairs were very evenly matched. A. W. Post and Richard Stevens might have made a better fight against Campbell and Huntington in the preliminary round had it not been for Stevens's fatal weakness in volleying. It seemed impossible for him to "kill," even when the easiest chances were offered. His strokes from the back of the court, on the other hand, were unusually accurate and effective, and it is quite certain that the pair would have done better work if they had played the old-fashioned game—one man at the net and the other in the back court. As it was, whenever Stevens approached the net, both Huntington and Campbell made him the target for their hardest volleys, and scored many points by his failures.

THE BEST MATCH, or perhaps I should say the most interesting, of the first day, because the most uncertain, was that between H. W. Slocum, Jun., and J. S. Clark on the one side, and E. L. Hall and Deane Miller on the other. Slocum was in poor practice, not having played since last summer, and there was but little to choose between the two teams. It was, perhaps, the superior steadiness of the veterans at critical moments, a natural result of their long experience, which finally enabled them to win three sets out of four and the right to meet Huntington and Campbell in the final round, that pair having in the mean time easily disposed of the representatives of the New York Tennis Club, Messrs. Perkins and Millett, the latter a most promising player. The final match was decidedly tame, for the younger players showed in their best form, and hardly gave the veterans a chance. Campbell was known to be in good form, but I think that few expected to see Huntington put up such a strong game. His volleying was about as sharp and accurate as his partner's, and his service—of great importance in the double game—was by far stronger. I dislike to make predictions so far ahead, but if Campbell and Huntington can retain their present form, it is difficult to see how they can lose the championship at Newport.

THE FIRST OF THE TWO WEEKS' play at Cedarhurst, beginning July 1st, for the Polo Association cups, made the poorest showing of the season. Rockaway, second (13 goals), and Morristown (16 goals) opened the meeting with a game that was not especially interesting, except possibly to show the mettle of the ponies. Both teams played very loosely, riding over the ball, missing very easy shots, and bunching badly. Stevens did the best for the Rockaways, though once or twice Rene La Montagne made a play that reminded me of his old-time form. Neither of the Franckes did so well as in some other games I have noted recently. For Morristown Nicoll, and particularly Lord, did well. I have seen Day in better form, while Thorn is coming around in shape. Individually this team is much stronger than it is collectively. The men require more concerted action; as it was, however, they played well enough to beat the second Rockaways by one goal. It was by no means a good display of polo. Though the ponies were ridden hard, the game was a very slow one.

THE TEAMS THAT WERE to have played on Thursday—Essex, Philadelphia, Country Club of Westchester, and Meadow Brook—failed to turn up, though the latter was ready to play if their opponents put in an appearance. The cause of non-appearance was lack of ponies, an astonishing explanation when the fact is taken into consideration that these games are for the championship cup of the Association. On Saturday Rockaway, first team (28 goals), and Morristown (16 goals) came together. The former showed the most brilliant play of the season, making the unprecedented score of 14 goals in the first period, and finishing with a total of $23\frac{1}{2}$ for the game. Keene and Cowdin were in great form. The former showed one of his brilliant streaks of play, and carried the ball apparently wherever he wished, reaching it backhand, under his horse's neck, between his feet, and in every other difficult position, and making 15 goals. Cowdin was everywhere, and invariably on hand at a critical moment. He is not such a brilliant worker, but is one of the most effective players in this country, if indeed not the most. Morristown was outplayed at all points. Every one of the team showed his best game, but they were not in it, and, moreover, lost many opportunities by being fairly bluffed off the ball by Rockaway's desperate riding. As we are on the press, the best game of the season is being played beween first Rockaway and Meadow Brook for the final of the Association championship cups. The balance of the week will be devoted to the contest for the Clark Cups.

THE SHOWING OF OUR ATHLETES abroad has been entirely satisfactory, while the performances of Luther Cary alone have been brilliant enough to shed lustre on some of the less fortunate of the party. In the English Championship meeting, on a miserable track, he defeated by 4 yards in $10\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, House, who has a $10\frac{1}{5}$ record, won a heat in the 120 yards in $12\frac{1}{5}$, and finished 2 feet behind the final winner in $11\frac{4}{5}$; he won the 200 yards easily in the same meeting. In Paris, on Saturday, on the grounds of the Racing Club of France, he won his heat in the 110 metres or 111 yards easily in 11 seconds, and in the final ran in $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Mortimer Remington has also covered himself with glory. He won the English Championship quarter-mile easily in 51 seconds, and in Paris the same distance in $50\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. H. L. Dadmun won a handicap quarter at Huddersfield, June 20th; at the Championship at Manchester, a week later, the heavy track wore him out, and he did nothing. At Paris he took the half-mile in 2 minutes 5 seconds. Roddy was not in good form when he reached England, and his best performance until last Saturday was a dead heat for second place in a quarter-mile trial in the English Championships. In Paris, however, he ran 1645 yards in 4 minutes 20 seconds, winning by 4 yards from the French champion.

HALLOCK WAS NOT IN FORM until the Paris meeting, when he cleared the bar at 5 feet 11 inches, and very nearly got over 6 feet. Queckberner won the English Championship 16-lb. hammer with a throw of 129 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and at Paris gave an excellent exhibition of the hammer, shot, and 56-lb. weight. It is really gratifying to know that those of the team who have won are American born, the two transplanted athletes, George and Young, having made no showing at all, and started for home. Malcolm Ford must have been badly out of form, for his showing has been very ordinary. In the English Championship he jumped 20 feet 4 inches in the running broad, and was tied by Bulger; while at Paris he did only 19 feet 5 inches, taking second to Victor Mapes, who did 22 feet 5 inches. There is no question that were the men to remain abroad a little longer, and until they were thoroughly acclimated, they would make a few records at least that would remain a mark for European athletes for some time to come. As it is, they have sustained American athletic prowess nobly.

ONE NIGHT LAST WEEK a member of the West Side Athletic Club fought and defeated in four rounds a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club. The men fought for a "*one-hundred-dollar gold watch*," and the referee, a member of the New York Athletic Club, in a "short speech" declared "that the *fight* would be conducted strictly in accordance with A. A. U. rules." Indeed! And what has become, pray, of that amendment passed by the A. A. U. in March restricting prizes to *medals*, and limiting their value to *fifty dollars!* And what, also, has become of that proposed investigation into the Manhattan Athletic Club's last boxing tournament, when gold watches were given? Pending the investigation the M. A. C. has declared that it had misinterpreted the ruling, or at least its captain had, and that it was not its desire to be an offender, either in the present or future. What is the difference in point of principle in holding a tournament and giving gold watches, and allowing a member of the club to fight for one? Again, the New York Athletic Club was the first to institute the crusade against these masquerading professional boxers. Its resolutions and expressions were highly commendable and chaste. Is it quite the proper thing for this club to countenance, by permitting one of its members to act as referee, and another as judge, a meeting that is an absolute transgression of the laws it has helped to make and is supposed to sustain. If the M. A. C. is wise, it will go slow on its encouragement of a slugger membership in its club. Give the professional boxers a chance to earn a living in a calling in which at least they do not pose for what they are not.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

CLAUDIO VICUÑA, WHO WAS ELECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT PARTY LAST WEEK TO SUCCEED BALMACEDA.—[SEE PAGE 515.]

ELECTRIC LAMPS

FED FROM SPACE, AND FLAMES THAT DO NOT CONSUME.

BY JOSEPH WETZLER, M.E.

THE honors in electrical discovery and invention have hitherto been pretty evenly divided among the nations, but of late America has bid fair to leave little for the rest of the world to own or cultivate in this wonderful new domain of the arts and sciences. The modern telegraph is largely American. The telephone is wholly so. The great successful systems of electric light and power bear American names, and now American methods of operating electric railroads have begun to go around the globe, conquering and to conquer.

Columbia College a few weeks ago gave a remarkable exemplification of this significant state of affairs when, in the presence of an enthusiastic gathering of the foremost electrical talent of the country, a modest young Likan, Nikola Tesla by name, delivered a lecture in English on his discoveries of results with alternating currents of high frequency. At one bound he placed himself abreast of such men as Edison, Brush, Elihu Thomson, and Alexander Graham Bell. Yet only four or five years ago, after a period of struggle in France, this stripling from the dim mountain border-land of Austro-Hungary landed on our shores, entirely unknown, and poor in everything save genius and training, and courage inherited from many a chieftain who shed his blood in the ceaseless warfare with the unspeakable Turk. Work and recognition came slowly, but they came; and it needed simply that he should fall in the way of Mr. George Westinghouse, Jun., to have some of his earliest inventions here appreciated. Those inventions, dealing as they do with the difficult problems of the utilization of alternating currents for motive power, are in themselves fundamental and far-reaching; but Mr. Tesla has now utterly eclipsed them by his experiments and methods for obtaining the electric light electrostatically. In a word, his lecture at Columbia—which merely as a rhetorical performance touched on the marvellous, as coming from a foreigner, by his lucid explanations in pure, nervous English of subtle ideas and obscure phenomena—showed two things very clearly. It showed not only that he had gone far beyond the two distinguished European scientists Dr. Lodge and Professor Hertz in grasp of the electro-magnetic theory of light, but that he had actually made apparatus by which electrostatic waves or "thrusts" would give light for ordinary every-day uses.

On the occasion of this memorable lecture Mr. Tesla held his audience in complete captivity of attention and admiration for over three hours. Since that time the mere report of the nature of his experiments has aroused the intensest curiosity in Europe, and the full text of his lecture, of which this article affords but suggestive outline, is awaited there most anxiously. It is felt by all who are conversant with the subject that the point of new departure in all our work for introducing electricity universally as a means of interior illumination must be taken from the revelations at Columbia. There is given us, moreover, many a fascinating glimpse of facts and truths still in the background.

The transition from the tallow dip to the candle and the oil lamp marked one stage in the march of improvement, which, passing on to the introduction of gas, has, in our day, reached the high form of development exhibited in the little incandescent lamp of 16-candle-power, and the powerful arc lamp ranging up to 100,000-candle-power and more, and sending its beams from the light-house, in some instances, as far as 60 miles. We have characterized the present electrical methods as highly developed forms of illumination, and so they are, compared with those which have gone before; but Mr. Tesla's discoveries leave no room for doubt that before long we shall see further improvements, which cannot fail to have a marked influence on the methods which will be adopted in the future. The faint glow exhibited in the Geissler tube, which has for a long time constituted one of the stock experiments of every lecturer on physics, has frequently been suggested as one of the methods by which we could obtain the ideal form of illumination—light without heat. Experiments in this direction had, however, led to very little, and even the remarkable experiments of Professor Crookes on radiant matter, which will be fresh in the minds of many, and which were first brought out nearly twenty years ago, led us no nearer the desired goal. More recent experimenters, among them Dr. Hertz and Dr. Lodge, had struck out in a line which promised good results; but it has remained for Mr. Tesla to crystallize and define the methods and the apparatus by which, in all probability, the difficult problem will be solved.

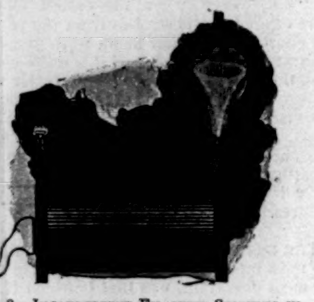


FIG. 2.—INCANDESCENT FILAMENT SPINNING IN UNEXHAUSTED GLOBE.

FIG. 3.—LAMP WITH BUTTON OF REFRACTORY MATERIAL.

Before entering into a description of Mr. Tesla's methods it will be well to explain in brief the steps which have led to the results which we are now about to consider. He began by taking what is known as an induction or spark coil, capable of generating electric sparks similar to those which we are all familiar with in connection with the static frictional electric machine, and which is described in every school-book on physics. These spark coils have heretofore been operated by means of currents which were periodically interrupted only a few times per second, or by what are called alternating currents, such as those largely used in our present forms of electric lighting, and which vibrate or alternate from 100 to 200 times a second. Mr. Tesla reasoned that if we could increase the number of vibrations or alternations in the current far above the number just mentioned, we would obtain greatly increased effects, and for this purpose he constructed a machine which gave him no less than 20,000 alternations per second. A few experiments convinced him that his theory was correct. The character of the spark or electrical discharge between the knobs connected to the coil operated with currents of this nature exhibited qualities quite different from those heretofore observed. In fact, as the alternations are increased, no less than five distinct kinds of discharge may be noticed, beginning with a thin thread-like discharge, until finally the character of the discharge is changed to that of a hot flame issuing from the discharge knob.

In the course of these experiments Mr. Tesla observed a large number of interesting phenomena. One of these is illustrated in the accompanying engraving Fig. 1. By attaching a wire to one of the terminals of such a coil, streams of light issue not only from the end, but from all sides, showing the intense nature of the action which is going on. Another experiment is illustrated in Fig. 2.

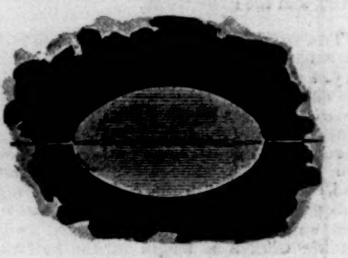


FIG. 5.—AN APPARENT PARADOX—ILLUMINATED GLOBE WITH DARK FILAMENT.

Here a very fine platinum wire is placed in a glass bulb. The intense action of the current sets the fine thread of platinum spinning around in the bulb, forming a veritable funnel of light. These experiments led Mr. Tesla later to a practical form of lamp, and one of these is shown in the engraving Fig. 3. This consists merely of a glass bulb from which the air has been exhausted, and which contains a simple button of some refractory material, from which a single wire leads to the outside of the bulb. Such a lamp attached merely to one wire glows brightly, and at one stroke obviates the necessity of having two wires connected to each lamp. He also demonstrated that such a lamp could be made to glow without leading the wire through the glass.

But Mr. Tesla was not satisfied with these results, brilliant as they were. He had set himself no less a task than to create a lamp which, without any external connection to wires or conductors of any sort, should glow brightly when placed anywhere in an apartment.

As illustrating the manner in which he carried out such a system in practice, the engraving Fig. 4 shows the arrangement of apparatus. Here A represents the primary electric generator, which would be placed at the central station, with wires leading, as usual, to the place where the light is required. At this point there is inserted in the circuit what is technically called a condenser, C, an apparatus similar in principle to that of the Leyden-jar. Close to it is an induction coil,

FIG. 6.—ELECTRICAL FLAMES WHICH CONSUME NOTHING.

B, which converts the currents of low potential coming from the machine to those of the very high potential required in the new method. The room into which the wires from the coil B are led has two metallic sheets placed within its opposite walls, or a metallic wall-paper may be used for the same purpose. With such an arrangement glass tubes properly exhausted glow brightly, and can be freely moved anywhere in the apartment, just like hand or oil lamps. The electric impulses thrown out from the metallic disks create within the entire room an electrical field which exerts its influence on everything within it, and which becomes manifest in a medium specially adapted to the exhibition of its forces, such as tubes exhausted of air.

By a further close course of reasoning he became convinced that such a system could be still further improved by using a far higher number of alternations of the current than he was able to obtain with his machines, although some of them gave as high as 35,000 reversals of current per second. How, then, was the desired result to be accomplished? It has long been known that the spark discharged from a static frictional machine or a Leyden-jar, and also that of the lightning, is one which vibrates many million times per second, and it is this phenomenon which Mr. Tesla has availed himself of in order to obtain the high rate of vibrations upon which his latest results are based.

It would lead me too far to enter into the details of the apparatus employed by Mr. Tesla, simple as it is; but suffice it to say that by interposing in an electric circuit an apparatus by which a spark discharge is continually maintained between a pair of knobs, the current in the wires is thrown into the enormously high rate of vibration necessary to obtain the desired results.

The possibilities of such a method of illumination need hardly be dwelt upon; suffice it to say that without wires or pipes of any kind to hamper the artist or decorator, effects may be produced which will bring fairy-land within our homes.

The question will naturally be asked: What effect will this new method, when perfected, have upon our existing methods of electric lighting? Will it make useless all our machines and the wires which now form an indispensable part of our methods of electrical distribution? In answer to this, it may be said that such a result is hardly to be expected immediately. The immediate change which will be wrought when the system devised by Mr. Tesla is brought to practical perfection will probably be one required within the buildings to be illuminated. Wires from the station to the building will still be necessary, and much of the machinery at present in use will still be available with the new method.

In order to show the difference in character between the currents of the low number of vibrations heretofore used, as compared with those employed by Mr. Tesla, we need cite only one experiment, which presents the apparent paradox seen in the illustration Fig. 5. It will be noticed that a lamp having a carbon conductor similar to that employed in the usual electric lamp, remains perfectly dark while the entire interior of the bulb becomes brightly illuminated. Mr. Tesla's experiments, however, while marking a distinct epoch in the history of electric illumination, have a most important bearing in many other directions. It was mentioned before that the discharge obtained from the coil assumed the form of a hot flame, as illustrated in Fig. 6, and this at once reveals a method of producing a flame without consuming any material, not even the oxygen of the atmosphere, which is the main element in the combustion of all fuels. The currents employed by Mr. Tesla are also of great value in the production of ozone, one of the most powerful disinfectants known; and it is fair to assume that the introduction of such currents into our houses will go far towards increasing their sanitary condition.

We might speculate at length upon the possibilities which lie before us, but enough has been said to convince the reader that we have discerned the shores of discoveries in electricity which will go far towards the realization of results that the most advanced prophet of the Bellamy school has not yet ventured to predict.

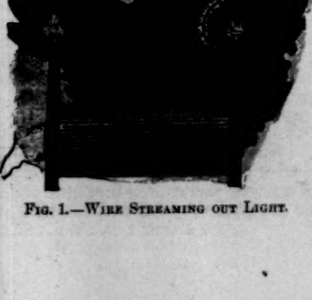


FIG. 1.—WIRE STREAMING OUT LIGHT.

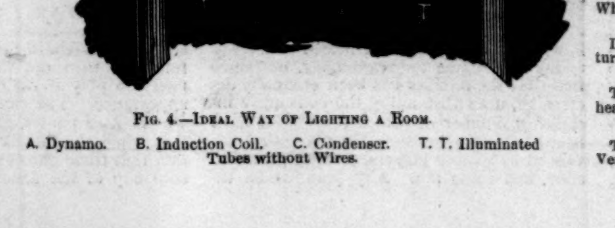


FIG. 4.—IDEAL WAY OF LIGHTING A ROOM.

A. Dynamo. B. Induction Coil. C. Condenser. T. T. Illuminated Tubes without Wires.

SCOURGED TO THEIR GRAVES.

So subtle and tenacious is the poison of malaria, that many persons afflicted with it never, through life, get rid of the venom in their systems. Such people are not to be found among those who use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which completely eradicates it. Most benign of anti-malarial specifics, it is also a sovereign remedy for biliousness, kidney troubles, costiveness, and dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE celebrated Lanoline Salve is a scientific cooling ointment for household and toilet purposes. It cures all cutaneous diseases or any surface ailment. Softens and beautifies the skin. Endorsed by eminent European authorities, and now introduced into the U. S., where its popularity will soon be firmly established.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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THE CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.—A new revelation of health, comfort, and refreshment.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

WILD ANIMALS UNDER TREATMENT.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. S. CHURCH.

THE forth-coming census will give us the sum total of horses and cattle in the country, but how many lions and tigers are there? Such a particular count is not difficult. Messrs. Barnum & Bailey, in reply to an inquiry, tell me that there are in all the circuses and travelling menageries in the United States 50 lions and 44 tigers. Mr. W. A. Conklin, familiar with our zoological collections, supplements Messrs. Barnum & Bailey's figures with 27 lions and 15 tigers; and so, adding the animals in dealers' hands, we have a fairly imposing ravening mass of 83 lions and 62 tigers.

ARGUING WITH A LION.

Towards the lesser carnivores I directed no inquiries, but I made a serious attempt to figure out the monkeys in the United States (our relatives in captivity, I beg to state), and I found them very much more numerous than I should have imagined. Every Brazilian steamer brings us from 30 to 50 monkeys. This large number is due to their comparative cheapness, their popularity; but at the same time it must be borne in mind that in an exhibition, organ-grinding, or mercantile sense monkeys are the most perishable of commodities, and an ample stock must be kept in order to supply losses by death. "When a monkey begins to cough," said to me the most experienced of animal-keepers, "he is a goner."

The preservation of wild animals—the methods employed to cure their ills, to heal their wounds—is a fairly curious subject. It occurred to Mr. Church years ago as an interesting topic, and its conception was, I fancy, due to that artist having in his possession the claw of a tiger.

"You see," said Mr. Church, exhibiting a hook of horn that looked as if made for laceration, "a tiger had this lancet-looking thing growing into the pad of his foot. I was present at Central Park when the pulling out took place. Since then I have been noticing the ailments of animals in captivity, with doctoring processes. Those poor monkeys! They always are suffering from lung troubles."

"Then the Koch lymph has been discovered none too soon," I ventured to remark. Then I told Mr. Church how I had seen a touching sight but yesterday at the monkey-house at Central Park. Mr. Jacob Cook, the keeper, was nursing a spider monkey. The monkey, gasping for breath, wasting away with rapid consumption, had one long arm thrown round Cook's neck. The keeper was crooning over him as if he were a sick child, saying: "Poor old chappie! you haven't got long to live. I am so sorry for you;" and Cook was rocking the spider monkey to and fro in his arms, and holding him to his breast, trying to warm him.

"Yes," said Mr. Church, "that is very pitiable"; and then, the art instinct coming to the front, he added: "As the monkey must be dead by this time, I will have to go to the Park and take a sketch of him. You can give physic to a monkey—that is, if you know how—but there are animals more or less troublesome when you dose them."

"Some bipeds are that way."

"Arstinsall, one of the oldest hands, with an elephant specialty, told me how one of these brutes astonished him. The elephant had been on exhibition in a malarious district. Possibly malarious regions in the United States differ in quality from such pestiferousness as is peculiar to Ceylon, India, or Africa. Anyhow, Arstinsall's elephant had the shakes. Fancy an elephant with the ague, and you have an earthquake. Calculating the solid area of the shivering patient, a proportionate dose of febrifuge was determined upon. The result was a monster bolus of quinine. The elephant was told to open his mouth, and requested to swallow the eighty-grain pill."

"And?" I asked.

"The first thing the elephant doctor knew he was describing a curve through the air, and turning many double-summersaults. He landed finally on a big roll of tent-canvas, thirty feet distant; otherwise his neck would have been broken. The elephant declined taking quinine in quantity, and emphasized his disgust by using his trunk."

When, with Mr. Church, Mr. Darling at Niblo's gave us the A B C of lion-training, we had naturally asked what he did "when kings of beasts were feeling poorly." His reply was that methods of treatment were few. "We give quinine as a tonic, and when their appetites are delicate we let them have many gallons of beef tea. For certain digestive disorders we feed liver to them. Scars from scratches and bites we heal with carbolic salve. It is difficult to persuade a lion to take medicine. I remember once in Brussels arguing it out with a young lion, who had a nice disposition. I made him sit on a stool. I took another, facing him, and I talked to him for two hours. I explained to him how he ought not to take to heart how bitter the dose was, but should consider how it was all done for his own good. The lion listened with marked attention, and would occasionally blink. He really did seem touched, though disgusted."

"But did he take his dose?" was asked.

"I am sorry to say he did not."

"Perhaps his education had not gone far enough?"

"I had to smuggle in the quinine, hidden between two slices of horse. I am afraid the persuasive method was time lost. Still, he was a nice, thoughtful, and companionable lion."

As far as I can make out, the veterinary art, as practised on wild animals in captivity, follows no exact rules. Mr. W. A. Conklin, the director of the zoological department at Central Park, who has devoted many years to the study of animals, is to be credited with what has been intelligently done in this direction. His method of treatment, the medicines he uses, have been more or less followed by others having wild animals in their keeping. The London Zoo is not a whit wiser than is the New York one. Little if anything can be found in the books as to the treatment of a rheumatic lion or a crippled giraffe. Some twenty years ago a learned and ingenious German doctor commenced a book of comparative zoology, and entitled it *Krankheiten der Affen*, roughly translated "monkey maladies," but the doctor died before his book was concluded. In the time to come there can be no question but that a careful study of the monkey will be made, and naturalists await a second book as thorough as is St. George Mivart's *The Cat*. The subject of treatment of wild animals must remain a difficult one, because conditions in menageries are not normal. We all know that of the felidæ the lions best resist changes of climate and confinement. As to the first condition, indifference to climate, we have evidence that the range of the lion in former periods was fairly extended, and that he was a hardy cat. We know too that lions are prolific in captivity; for a lioness in Dublin was the mother of fifty-four cubs, of which fifty lived. One curious defect which has been occasionally noted in regard to lion cubs born in captivity is that their palatal bones do not meet, and so the suction power of these leonine infants being diminished, they died of inanition.

The exact powers wild animals in freedom possess of resisting disease, we can but vaguely surmise. The survival of the fittest explains why only the most vigorous creatures arrive at maturity. The scions are then of the strongest stock, best adapted to their surroundings. Speculative zoology, though pretty, I do not appreciate. I do not believe that certain creatures are endowed with discriminating powers, which tell them to eat of a particular grass or weed as a curative for a passing complaint. Man alone is a cooking animal, and something not so frequently cited is this, that he is the only nostrum-taking one.

Thinking over this curious subject—the survival of the fittest—as far as the lower animal creation goes, it has its tragic side. I cannot but help presenting a monkey trait. Is a monkey really bad at heart? Or shall I say a good word for him, and consider that he may be intent on doing what he believes is a kindness to a sickening mate when he is actually harming him? Prince Krapotkine, who is a nihilistic sentimentalist, in an article entitled "Mutual Aid among Animals," tells of the assistance chimpanzees, sajous, sakis, mandrills, and baboons give one another. I can cite, as an eye-witness, how one big monkey will take charge of a smaller one, protect him against the bullies in the cage, and act as a horse for his minor friend to mount. But I never saw the bigger divide his bit of apple with the lesser monkey. I yield to no one in my respect for the dog, but I have yet to note how Ranger brings a bone with his compliments to Nero. I have often given two dogs their food in the same trencher, but the greedier invariably bolted the larger share, just as would have done the vulgar pigs. I have ridden the best-tempered of horses, kind to man and his mates, but a tiger when he was fed, that is towards his own kind, for, when in rough campaigning, measures of corn on the ear were thrown on the ground, it was his habit with fore and hind feet and with open jaw to drive off every other horse until he was satisfied. There is a sick monkey in a cage. At once a careful keeper removes the ill one, or the contagion spreads. If the invalid is not taken away, the other healthy monkeys will crowd the sick one to death. There may be this explanation about it. As the temperature of the ill monkey diminishes—that is, if he has no fever—the other monkeys may press around him closely so as to keep him warm. Anyhow, by getting on top of him, they smother him and hasten his end. If I were speculative and forgiving to monkeys, I might say that nature had no use for an ailing monkey, and wanted to get rid of him as expeditiously as possible, and that hence came this curious instinct to the well-to-do monkeys. What truth there may be in the stories told by ranchmen of the speedy death of the crippled steer, despatched by the herd, I do not vouch for. This whole subject is deserving of greater study. As to monkeys, men who have them in charge say, "This crowding of a sick monkey is done through pure cussedness."

Taking the horse as a domesticated animal, his condition is in a measure an artificial one. For many thousands of years we have accustomed him to dry feed and stable life. Notwithstanding all our care, his powers of resisting disease in a general way are not strong, and I am pretty certain that pampered stock is the more prone to equine maladies. I have been often surprised to notice how little it took to kill a horse, especially when he was the least run down from overwork or under-feeding. A surface wound which was apparently insignificant ended speedily in a dead horse, and a slight perforation from a bullet gave the animal his quietus.

Messrs. Barnum & Bailey having given Mr. Church and the writer admittance to their establishment at Bridgeport, Connecticut, the various conditions of animals belonging to them could be fairly studied. We had an open sesame letter, but all the animal-keepers knew Mr. Church, appreciative of his art; and as for that, I was inclined to believe that some of the wild beasts had a kind of growling acquaintance with their painter. At once an ostrich, an inquisitive bird, poked his head over the top of his box; and on the other side of the big hall, through a closet window eighteen feet from the ground, a giraffe took a stare at us. I looked at the ostrich, and wondered why a body so big was joined to a head so small; and while I was pondering over that problem, Mr. Church showed me his sketch-book, where he had drawn in a twinkling three different posings of the ostrich's head; but he was seemingly depressed, for he said, "I never caught the exquisite soft languor of that bird's eyes." The keeper, another Mr. Conklin, at once answered my special questions, for he was head physician of the great showmen's animal dispensary.

"That bird? He is a Cape ostrich, three years old. Every now and then he suffers from a kink in his neck—probably a muscular trouble. He gets his head down, and can't bend his neck. Has been bothered that way many times. Can't eat, and when any wild animal or bird can't eat, it must die. His medicine? Here it is." The keeper then exhibited a capacious tin pail half full of some liquid of a brick-red color. "That is ostrich tonic. It is made of rum."

"Best Medford?" I asked.

"None of the real old kind to be had now. It is West India rum mixed with cayenne-pepper. It acts as a stimulant. It is not so easy to give it to him. It takes two men to hold him while I pour it down. He can kick, mind,

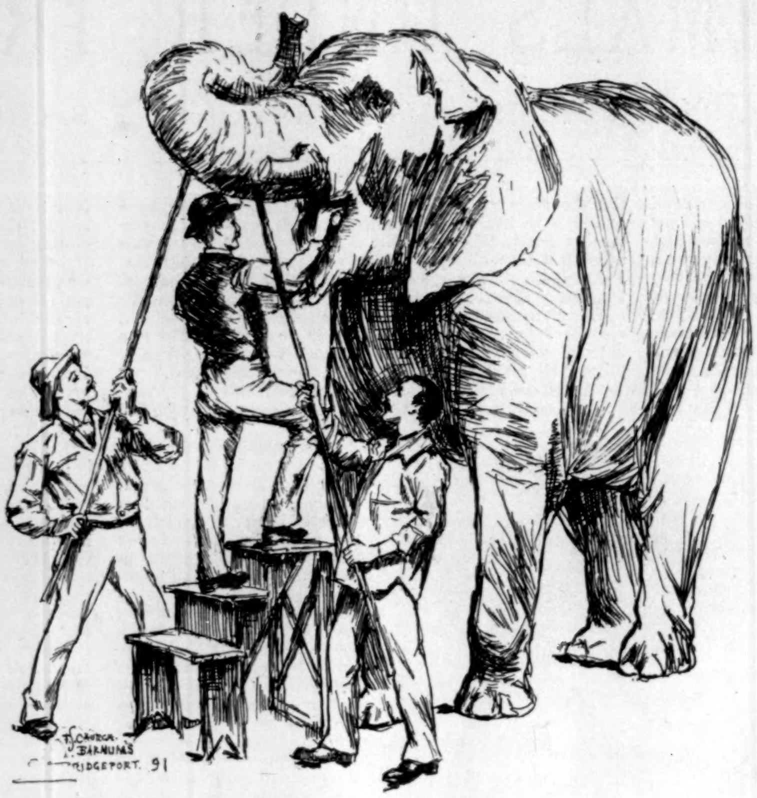
OSTRICH WITH BROKEN LEG IN A SLING.

I tell you. After his dose I work the outside of his neck with grease, that limbers him. But the main thing is to have him eat. We stuff him like a Strasburg goose. We open his mouth, and put into him the yolks of a dozen eggs. Some people believe an ostrich will eat everything, but it's not so with birds on exhibition. I have had ostriches much more dainty than women-folk. There was one, a fine bird, that was given up. He wouldn't peck at anything. He was perishing. I tried all kinds of niceties. By accident I set a mess of dandelion roots and leaves before him. He gobbled them up like a pig. Then, bless me! that was a job, finding dandelions out of season sufficient to satisfy an ostrich, and me going late and early into the pastures a-grubbing for them. He was getting pert and cocky! I couldn't keep up with him in dandelions. Then I put in a few turnip-tops, and he ate them, and I kept on a-substituting turnip-tops until he took to them, and by-and-by I weaned him. He began feeding natural; but dandelion saved him. This bird is uncommon fond of lettuce, and I will give him a mess."

Thereupon a big basket of fresh green lettuce leaves was dumped to the ostrich, and he ate them as would a Frenchman salad. As the month was December, and I knew that lettuce in Connecticut did not flourish in the open fields, but was of hot-house growth, I came to the conclusion that nothing was too good for a Barnum & Bailey ostrich.

"Pounded oyster-shells an ostrich always must have, and a certain quantity of green food. Water-cresses they are specially fond of. The cassowary is a troublesome bird, requiring a great deal of care. Cold weather stiffens him up. We had our bird down when we left New Orleans. In London he was paralyzed five times. The ostrich tonic fetched him round."

"The ostrich in a cage is rather awkward, and loses his balance at times—gets leg-tired—does he not?"



AN ELEPHANT TAKING A DOSE OF OIL.

"That's so; and occasionally he breaks his leg. I had one that wanted mending. It was a long job. He slipped, and down he came, and it was a case of fracture. We had a canvas bag made, and hitched him in it, and suspended him, having first put his thigh in splints, and made a casing of plaster of Paris. We got him well over it, and he was on exhibition for a number of years. There was no use for crutches. This ostrich here was down three times on our return trip from London. By the spring he will have improved a great deal."

While the keeper was telling me of ostrich surgery, the big room was pervaded with an odor of onions, and I sniffed for information.

"That's monkey dinner. We make up a mess of potatoes, carrots, onions, and boil them all together."

"No pepper, salt, or condiments?"

"Not a mite. Monkeys relish that kind of food very much. One day we give them boiled rice and apples and bananas, and try and vary the food. Bread they get in quantity, and waste it. In fact, they are a very careless kind of folks. What hurts a monkey is confinement. It preys on his feelings. He is forced to get into mischief in order to save himself. There is our star monkey, ever so brave a little fellow. He is a hippodrome monkey. He isn't exactly chipper, because, almost at the last performance, his hitching broke, he was flung off his horse, and cut his head. But what did he do, sir? He just charged after his mount, got on again, and won the race, like a first-class equestrian.

Nature, when she wanted to be grotesque, exhausted her capacities when she patented a mandrill. This baboon has a muzzle such as would be manufactured by an artistic upholsterer who has pleated together pretty folds of blue and light purplish pick stuffs. Although his head decoration is so *distingué*, his beauty is but skin-deep, for he enjoys the reputation of being an exceedingly wicked baboon—"Real mean," said the keeper. The singularity of his head-colors makes the mandrill a popular show animal. He is an expensive brute, requiring great care. The difficulty in captivity is to get him over his second year, for the older he is, the more conspicuous is that painted face of his, which would make any self-respecting ghost-dancing Indian jealous.

"This mandrill, now in his third year, is getting along very well. We watch his condition carefully. We give him raw eggs every day, and he shall have some now."

The mandrill clutched a couple of eggs offered him, was careful to hide the one he did not hold, and commenced nibbling the shell of one. Now he flirted all the white into his mouth, not spilling a drop, and then put the whole shell in his maw. Next he tilted back his head, and so took down the yolk.

"He enjoys that very much. I give him rum, a regular milk punch, every day, and he puts it down as if he liked it."

"But temperance people always point to the moral that perverted man is the only creature who indulges in spirits."

"Well, it may not be natural to that mandrill in Africa to get his toddy, but he couldn't manage without it now. It's medicine, of course, and there's many that takes their'n under the same proviso," said the keeper, reflectively.

I did not care to inquire too particularly into the significance of "their'n."

"Now come and look at our giraffe. He is in splendid condition. The trouble about such a big beast in confinement is that he is forced to stand in one position too long. Everything depends on having a dry bed for him. The least damp about his feet, and he would get cold, and that would soon end him. As you see, the weight comes on his cleft forefeet, and one of them has spread a good deal, and we will have to clip it. He eats crushed oats, the best clover hay, apples, carrots, and has his quart of milk with his water every day. We use more milk in this establishment per head than in a foundling hospital."

The giraffe, knowing his master, bent down his prolongation of a neck, wanting his head patted by the keeper. Such beautiful eyes no other animal possesses. As to his nose and its peculiar hue, I think the nearest approach to that soft brown is the nicely baked side of a buckwheat cake.

"Now you shall see our lions and tigers. Here we have a brace of fairly lively lion whelps and two young tigers. It is not exactly a happy family, but in time they will get used to one another. Oh, those spats don't amount to anything. You see the trouble about those tigers? Isn't it a pity?"

I did look, and—distressing sight!—the tigers' tails were scarcely a foot long, and a bobtailed tiger no more looks natural than does a Manx cat.

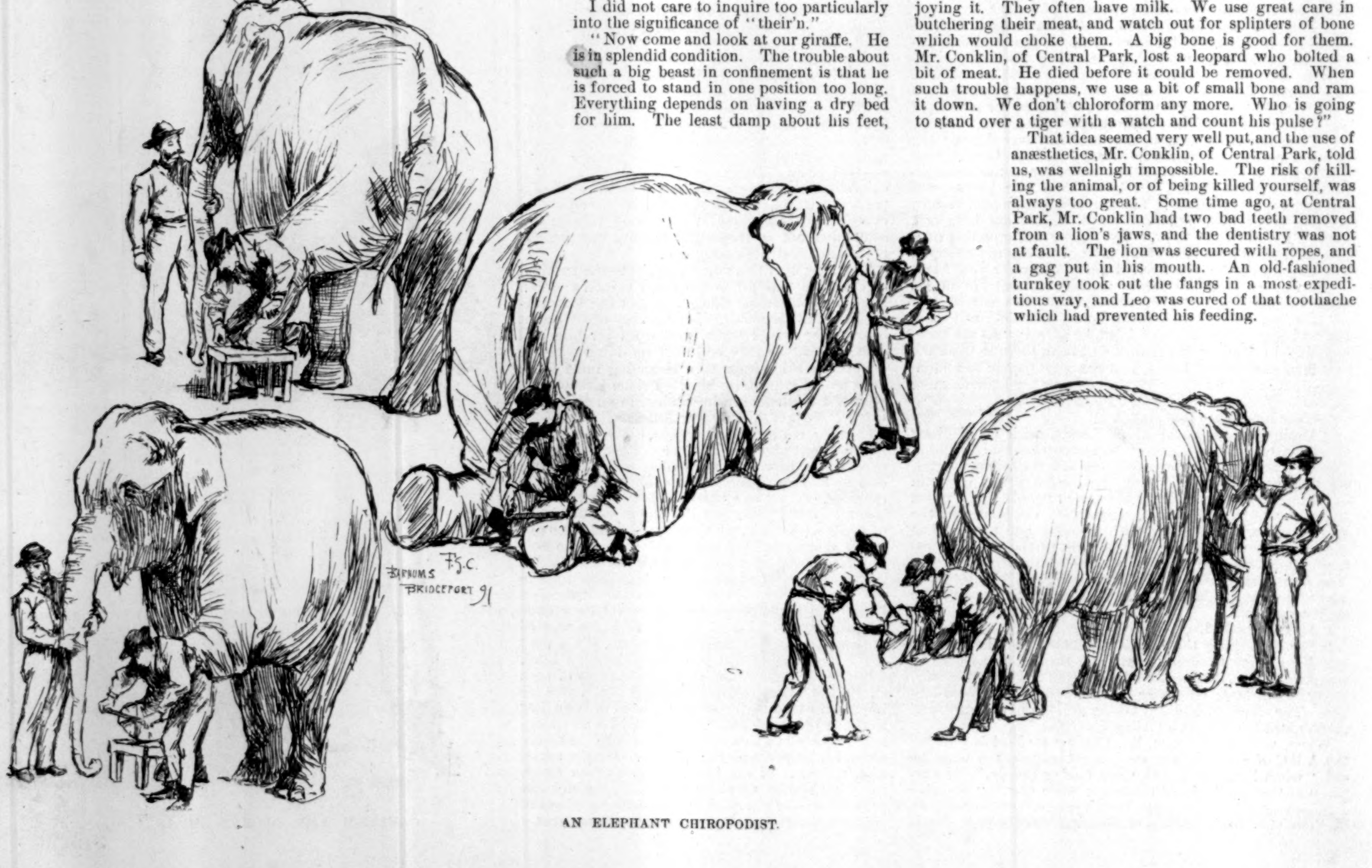
"That was one of our great misfortunes, and just one of those things that can't be always guarded against. One night, after exhibiting, we had to strike tents and move off in double-quick time. Somebody, in the dark, wheeled the van with these two sweet tigers near those dratted hyenas. The tigers flirted their tails. That was exactly what the hyenas were looking for. Just a couple of snaps, and the job was done, and the value of these tigers diminished 85 per cent."

"They can't lash themselves into a rage any more," said Mr. Church, in search of the picturesque.

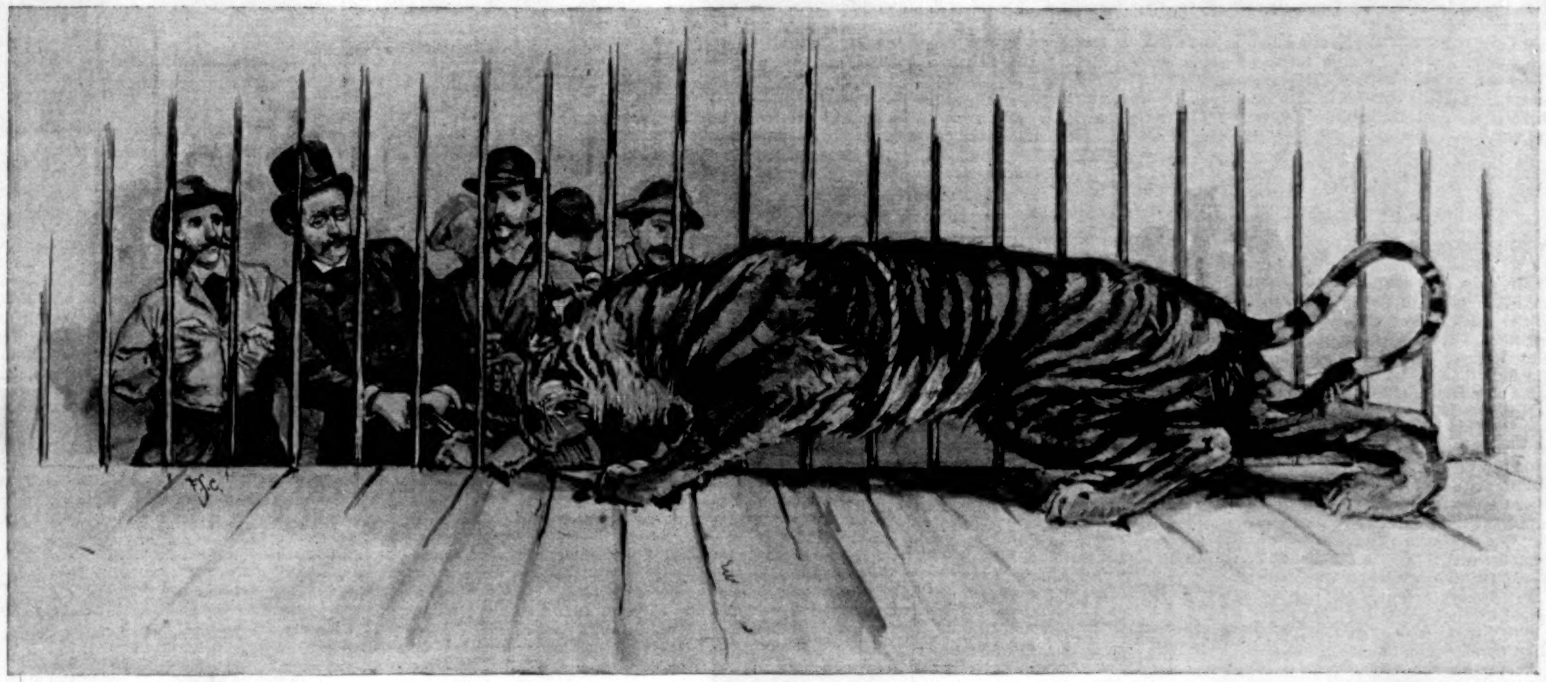
"Oh yes, they can! and they have been naturally crosser since their bereavement," said the keeper, very feelingly; "and you had better not stand too close. All these animals have a mighty long reach, and they can give you a clip before you know it. There really is more danger outside of the cage than in it. There are few things sharper than a tiger's claws. See." Thereupon the keeper drew out of his pocket a small handful of claw points. The edges were as sharp as steel, with fish-hook curves.

"We have to cut their claws quite often. Whenever we introduce a new lion, tiger, leopard, or panther to its mates in a cage, we leave to the new-comer all his powers of defence so far as claws go, and lessen the offensiveness of the rest of them by clipping their claws. It never fails that the animals in the cage at once go for the stranger. They don't bite him, but go in for clawing him. When they find after a while that he can claw too, and better than they, they let him severely alone. If we didn't do that, the new beast would have his hide all cut. It's not an easy thing to do, to clip a lion's or a tiger's claws, or to perform an operation on them as drawing out a claw or pulling a tooth. It takes a fall and tackle, a half-dozen strong ropes, and as many men. The most troublesome rope is the one to be put around the neck. The brute would choke himself if not for the precaution we take to secure one foreleg with his shoulder in the noose. Other ropes are attached to his foreleg and hind ones, and he is stretched on his side, and is as helpless as a log. The ropes have an arrangement when the operation is over which at once loosens them. Then it is just as if you had coiled up a thousand horse-power steel spring, and let it go sudden. The van just vibrates. Lions suffer from lung troubles and rheumatism. We give them milk, quinine, rum. Sometimes, when off their feed, a live chicken will tempt a lion or a tiger. The tiger will play with a chicken just as a cat does with a mouse—kind of enjoying it. They often have milk. We use great care in butchering their meat, and watch out for splinters of bone which would choke them. A big bone is good for them. Mr. Conklin, of Central Park, lost a leopard who bolted a bit of meat. He died before it could be removed. When such trouble happens, we use a bit of small bone and ram it down. We don't chloroform any more. Who is going to stand over a tiger with a watch and count his pulse?"

That idea seemed very well put, and the use of anæsthetics, Mr. Conklin, of Central Park, told us, was wellnigh impossible. The risk of killing the animal, or of being killed yourself, was always too great. Some time ago, at Central Park, Mr. Conklin had two bad teeth removed from a lion's jaws, and the dentistry was not at fault. The lion was secured with ropes, and a gag put in his mouth. An old-fashioned turnkey took out the fangs in a most expeditious way, and Leo was cured of that toothache which had prevented his feeding.



AN ELEPHANT CHIROPODIST.



EXTRACTING A CLAW FROM A TIGER.

The antelope family seem to do well in captivity, and are none the worse for knocking round when kept in boxes. I thought much of their timidity had left them, but, as the keeper said to us, "you had to watch out for their horns." A number of them wore metal balls on the ends of their horns, to prevent their hurting visitors. Nothing could be fatter or slicker than these African creatures.

Mr. William Newton, of the Barnum & Bailey establishment, could, we think, give points, as far as the care of elephants goes, to the head equerry of the King of Oude. We know now that the elephant ranges over a wide area, and thrives in fairly elevated lands near the snow-levels. In this country, and in all zoological collections, he attains a fair old age. Their trouble, Mr. Newton told us, was a tendency to chills. "You had to be careful how you watered them. If the water was too cold, they were taken with a colic; generally a good stiff drink of rum brings them round."

"And what might you call a stiff drink?" I asked.

"Oh, a gallon."

"Show any signs of jollity?"

"Not a bit. As sober as judges. I have had to blanket serious cases of cramps. I take as many blankets as I can get, and steep them in hot water, and bind them round the elephant; and when he's swaddled up that way he looks huge. An elephant will take a gallon of oil, or the same measure of linseed-oil. He may be a sensible animal in some respects, but not in all. If he picks up a nail in his foot, which happens pretty often, he will stop right away and show you his trouble, and let you take it out for him, and seem sort of grateful, but he doesn't hanker after medicine. The way we work him is to make him open his mouth. The oil we put in a galvanized iron bottle, and we place that on his tongue, force his head backwards, and down goes the oil. No harm ever is done him with the prods. It takes four or five hands to make an elephant take his medicine."

I have always remembered a very clever book of Charles Reade's, *Jack of All Trades*, which gave a rather sinister view of an elephant, and I recall too a great deal of nonsense written about the cruelty of elephant prods. It would be absurd to try and manage an animal of such prodigious powers—the strongest we know of—with a riding-switch, and prods are necessities. An elephant knows his keeper and obeys him, may show a kind of respect with some little affection for his master, but he has no liking for strangers. If I were left alone with any show elephant, the keeper being absent, I should at once want to beat a hasty retreat. Never through curiosity or carelessness get yourself between an elephant and a wall, or you may have the life crushed out of you. The upshot of which is that Oriental *mahoots* or American keepers must have prods; and it is also fortunate for man that elephants have sensitive ears.

"Quarrelling among elephants is not common, but we are careful not to put the males together. Their tempers differ; the females, however, are rarely cross. In certain seasons we watch the males very carefully, for they become dangerous. There is an elephant we cured of a broken leg. It was a long job. We slung him, and used splints and plaster. Elephants run down in flesh in summer, because we work them, and they are a good deal knocked about, but in winter they pick up. The tusks of the female, which are short, have ragged ends, and inflict ugly wounds. When they are scarred, we use carbolic salve. When they stand for a long time, we have to cut their toes and the soles of their feet. We use a rasp and a chisel, and do not have any trouble."

When at Central Park, Mr. Conklin asked me to guess the circumference of an elephant's foot. I was ten inches out of the way. Taking the fine brute Tom in the menagerie, the keeper passed a cord round one of the forefeet, and its circumference was 4 feet 8 inches. "That," said the superintendent, "ought to represent, when multiplied by two, Tom's greatest elevation." Thereupon a second measure was taken, and Tom's height was 9 feet 4 inches. I have had a circle with this circumference drawn in chalk on the floor, and it occupies about the room of an ordinary *tête-à-tête* tea table. The greatest diameter is only obtainable when the elephant is on his feet; then there is expansion of the massive toes. The books give the foot circumference as one of the rough ways used in India to get at the height of an elephant.

Mr. Church's sketches were made on the spot, and a picture of his, entitled "Peace," is introduced as a conclusion to this topic. Some years ago there was a very touching subject painted by a French artist, with a sentiment tag to it. The story might be constructed about this way. There was an aged broken-down lion belonging to a zoological garden in France, believed to be at his last gasp, and offered for a small sum, so as to get rid of him. A poor showman bought him, and the man, his wife, and children took such good care of the animal that his health improved. For a long time every sou they earned went for the purchase of tidbits for the lion. The turning-point was reached, and it looked as if some harvest would come to the showman. The lion was getting lively, with some returns to his days of cubhood.

"PEACE."